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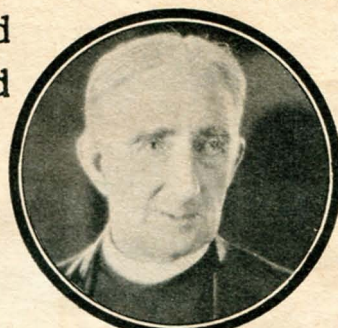
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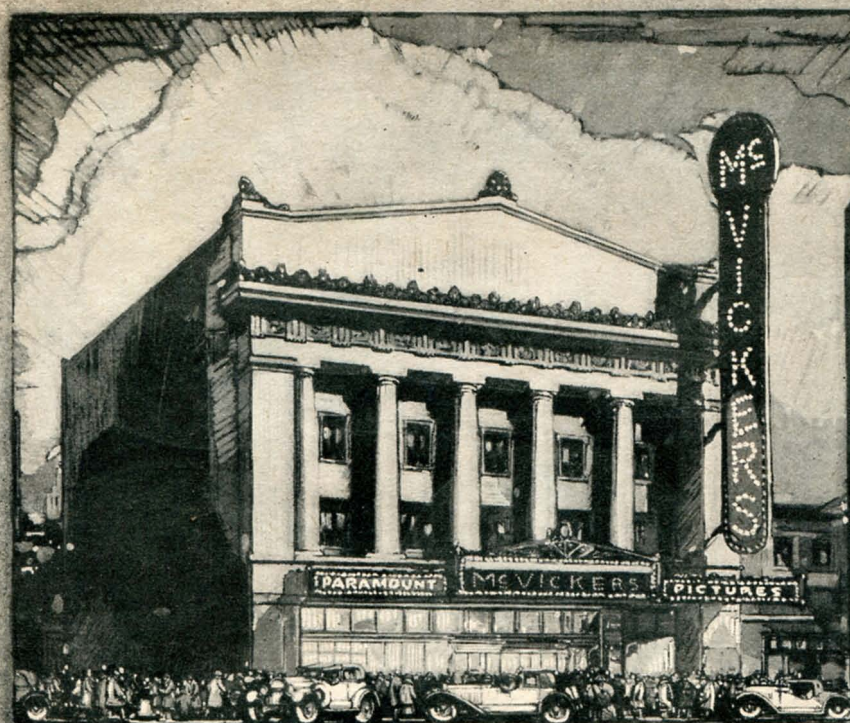
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Scenario by John Lynch
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A Sam Wood Production

DOROTHY DALTON in
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With Theodore Kosloff and
Charles de Roche
From a Pictorial Review story by
Konrad Bercovici
Directed by Victor Fleming
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"The Ne'er-do-Well"
By Rex Beach
Directed by Alfred Green
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

MARY MILES MINTER in
"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
With Antonio Moreno
From the Novel by John Fox, Jr., and
the play by Eugene Walter
Directed by Charles Maigne

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"YOU CAN'T FOOL
YOUR WIFE"
With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi,
Lewis Stone and Pauline Gavn
By Waldemar Young
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

Paramount Pictures

SCREENLAND

Presents

Vol. VI

APRIL 1923

No. 7

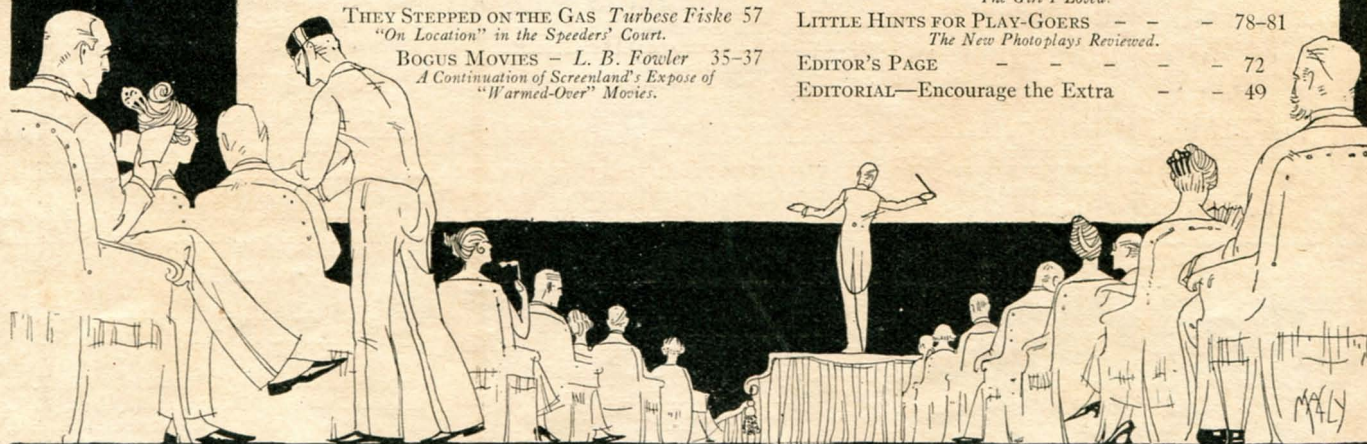
Myron Zobel, Editor

SCREENLAND

Eunice Marshall, Asso. Editor

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Partial List of Contents

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Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Woman's?

*Continence—Is It Practicable or Desirable?

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Chester Bennet Prod.....	Brunton Studio, Hollywood
Blue Ribbon Comedies.....	1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Brunton Studio, 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood	
Berwilla Studios.....	5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Century Film Corp.....	6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
C. L. Chester Productions.....	1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Christie Comedies	6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Irving Cummings Prod.....	1729 Highland Ave.
Doubleday Productions	Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood
Ferdinand Earle Productions.....	Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
Wm. Fox West Coast Studio.....	1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
Fine Arts Studios.....	4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
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Garson Studios.....	1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
Goldwyn Studio.....	Culver City
Great Western Producing Co.....	6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Thos. H. Ince Productions.....	Culver City
Lasky Studios.....	1520 Vine St.
Louis B. Mayer Studios.....	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
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Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles	
Robertson-Cole Productions	Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
Will Rogers Productions.....	Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.
Russel-Griever-Russell.....	6070 Sunset Blvd.
Hal E. Roach Studio.....	Culver City
Morris R. Schlank Productions.....	6050 Sunset
Chas. R. Seeling Productions.....	1240 S. Olive, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork.....	3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
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Cyrus J. Williams Co.....	5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
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Fox Studios.....	West 55th St., N. Y. C.
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International Film.....	2478 2d Ave., N. Y. C.
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Allan Dwan will direct "Lawful Larceny," Conrad Nagle's last picture for Lasky before he starts on his Goldwyn contract. Lois Wilson will be his leading woman.

"The Vehement Flame," by Margaret Deland, has been purchased by Universal for the movies. The role of heroine is said to be a very difficult one and no decision as to who will have it has yet been reached.

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These are not the first children's matinees to be instituted. All over the country, theaters have been giving special Saturday morning performances of the serial "The Adventures of Buffalo Bill," which Universal is putting out. The historical value of these two, however, is not to be compared.

Bert a Blond

For the sake of art Bert Lytell has become a handsome blond. Bert was selected for the role of Rudolph Rassendyll in "Rupert of Hentzau." And Rudolph is a light-haired Englishman, according to the traditions of the story. Bert had the option of playing the role with a wig, but disdained such artificialities, and decided to brave the kidding of his friends. He applied the peroxide and for a short time enjoyed the distinction of being the one and only made-to-order male blond in pictures.

Through Three Reigns

Cecil M. Hepworth is assembling a very unique picture. "Through Three Reigns," and it is made up of news reels showing all the most important events in England during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII, and George V. Coronations, reviews of troops, great trade expositions, and various visits that these rulers made to cities in their realm are graphically recorded.

Here is a history for future generations that will hold their interest and it is a picture that has taken over twenty years to film.

Leah Baird finds she has not time between pictures to make her proposed trip from New York to Los Angeles, via the Panama Canal.

They say that George Stewart, brother of the fair Anita, is sort of stealing Rodolph Valentino's stuff in Hollywood.

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SET YOUR BRAIN A-WORKING!

You have a good line! What does this picture, posed by Shannon Day, suggest to you? Write out your suggestions for a clever title to this picture—as many as you choose, on separate sheets of paper—and mail them in to the contest editor. Be sure your name and address are on each sheet. Envelopes should contain nothing but your address and your titles, unless you wish to compete for the GRAND PRIZES, headed by a first prize of \$100. To be eligible for these big, worth-while prizes, enclose a one dollar bill or money-order or your personal check with your title suggestions.

The titles to the picture shown above may be original, or may be quoted from some well-known author. It should not contain more than 20 words. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Make your titles short and snappy.

The contest will appear in only one more issue of SCREENLAND and will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of SCREENLAND'S staff and their decision will be final. The winners will be announced in August issue of SCREENLAND and checks will be mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, all tying contestants will receive full prizes.

Members of SCREENLAND'S staff are not eligible for this contest.

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, 423,
Hollywood, California.

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coupon. . . .

May Adjust Valentino Contract

An article appearing in the New York World and purporting to quote an unnamed "official" of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, conveys the impression that the Paramount organization is in a receptive state of mind with respect to any overtures that Rodolph Valentino may care to make in adjustment of their differences. When Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, was asked to comment upon the New York World article he declared that the statement embodied in the interview with the unknown "official" was substantially correct.

The interview with the Famous Players-Lasky "official" is quoted by the New York World as follows:

"We stand ready now, as always, to give Mr. Valentino the most artistic pictures it is possible to make. We are still holding Alan Dwan, who is ready to do 'The Spanish Cavalier,' the script for which was prepared at Mr. Valentino's request by Miss June Mathis. His pictures would have the best production resources that the industry affords, he could have the best scenario writers and directors available, and you may be sure we would give him every possible co-operation. As to his compensation, we always have been and are now prepared to discuss and readjust his contract commensurate with his present-day popularity, as we have from time to time done with other artists. All we ask in return is his honest co-operation."

The New York World also intimated that Famous Players-Lasky was contemplating court action with a view to enjoin Valentino from dancing in Detroit. Mr. Zukor, after stating that the paragraph quoted above reflected substantially Paramount's stand with respect to the Valentino controversy, was further requested to comment upon the World's report of possible injunction proceedings on the part of Paramount against Valentino's dancing act in Detroit.

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STUDY BY CLARENCE S. BULL

SCREENLAND GALLERY



MALCOLM MCGREGOR has come to Hollywood from Yale, to make the hearts of flappers beat fast and furious. He has those Barthelmess eyes, girls—but that mouth is quite his own.

PHOTO BY HOOVER

SCREENLAND GALLERY



NITA NALDI is one of that handful of screen players who persist in preferring New York. So Famous Players Lasky had to open up their Long Island studios for their most potent ramp.

PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

SCREENLAND GALLERY



LITTLE BILLIE LORD looks rather pensive here. But what Man wouldn't be pensive when he found out that he had been cast to play the part of a Girl.

PHOTO BY COOLEY

SCREENLAND GALLERY

Arbuckle stands before his judges. The jury of San Francisco acquitted him of any wrong-doing. What will the verdict of the public be?

KEYSTONE PHOTO



The True Story of Roscoe Arbuckle

ID WILL HAYS throw a monkey wrench into the custard pie when he gave Roscoe Arbuckle a Christmas pardon?

Scarcely had the headlines appeared announcing the reinstatement of the once-adored "Fatty," than a verbal bedlam broke loose which shook the rafters of our social structure from Alaska to the last barnacle clinging to Key West. Europe, too, felt the upheaval, and once again the famous fat man felt the white heat of publicity.

In California, where the man of girth has many friends, arguments are raging with particular intensity, owing to the fact that details of his life are better known here than elsewhere. It is easy for anyone to understand Roscoe's desire to return to stardom, for his fall from enormous popularity and great wealth to poverty and personal oblivion was swift and sure.

It is a very sober and unsmiling Roscoe who stands before his judges. But, considering the avalanche of

SINCE the writing of this article Roscoe Arbuckle has announced his intention of forsaking his original hopes for a return to the screen.

His latest feature—half completed—has been abandoned and his future activities will be turned to directing motion pictures and not to acting in them.

Will the animosity of the picture public which banished Arbuckle from the screen after he had been acquitted of crime by a jury of his peers pursue him now and hound him further from his directorial aspirations?

Arbuckle's physical appearance has been his greatest liability since his trial, just as it was his greatest asset before.

If Roscoe Arbuckle had been born a slender and well-formed man he might have escaped the obloquy of public condemnation.

disapproval which followed the plea of Hays to give the fallen idol another chance, one cannot help but admire his optimism and persistence.

Will Hays, "czar of the films," had hitherto enjoyed the full confidence of the public. His somersault from an absolute ban of Arbuckle films to the new theme of "another chance" has brought a protest that must have "well nigh ruinated" the rural quietude of Sullivan, Indiana.

WHAT do the stars say about Arbuckle? What is the opinion of the film colony itself?

This is the consensus of Hollywood opinion from the angle of the star or producer: "We can't approve of Arbuckle, because it would hurt us with the public. We can't condemn him, because we have accepted his hospitality during the time of his prosperity, and to turn against him now, publicly, would be to mark us as poor sports. We can only sit tight and say nothing."

That is Arbuckle's policy, too. To sit tight and say nothing must be a herculean task for the big comedian, but he is under orders to

keep his tongue strictly between his teeth. At such critical periods, the beans are too easily spilled; one rash interview would ruin all chance of the millions of dollars tied up in his pictures to be ever recovered, to say nothing of the success of the new test-picture that Arbuckle is now making.

For "Fatty" has opened up a new tin of grease paint and has donned the old, familiar garb of brown derby, checkered shirt, cut-away coat and loose trousers. *Handy Andy* is the title of the picture; a two-reeler, its fate will determine the fate of Arbuckle himself.

The probability is that the first Arbuckle picture released will draw a good house. People will go out of curiosity; they have half-way forgotten what "Fatty's" comedies are like. They will laugh over the "gags," for "Fatty's" gags are good. But at the first hint of a love-interest in the pic-

ture, a wave of distaste may sweep over the audience. The picture of Mollie Malone in Arbuckle's embrace will dissolve into a vision of little Virginia Rappe, who is dead, and whose last embrace in this world was given to Arbuckle, perhaps.

If Arbuckle can win his way back into favor, it will probably have to be through pure, unadulterated humor with a male cast.

ARBUCKLE is thirty-five years old. For ten years, his screen antics have brought him fame, and in later years, wealth. He began his film career as an "extra" man on the Keystone comedy lot, delighted to be able to earn his three dollars a day—some days. Little by little his

grotesque figure and cherubic smile began to "get over." He began to receive "fan mail," the first visible proof of film success. Oh yes, some people do love a fat man, but Fatty's mail came mostly from benign old ladies and adoring youngsters. Not many from pretty girls.

As he slowly but surely gained a "following," his finances picked up. He no longer lived a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence, eating where and when he could. From an extra man, he began to play "bits," then "parts" and finally leads. Then success came indeed. He went over to Paramount, directing and starring. For years he earned an enormous salary.

How much has he saved during the days of his prosperity? Very little, it is said. Easy come, easy go. Fatty spent his money like water. Parties, fine automobiles, luxurious apartments and a beautiful home in the Wilshire district in Los Angeles, the latter now occupied by Joseph Schenck, Arbuckle's staunch defender. Most of his wealth is gone, if rumor be true. The cars, the apartments, all have been sold. It took money, a great deal of money, to finance his expensive trial at San Francisco. Since the trial he has been living with Schenck and "Buster" Keaton, practically living on their bounty, it is said.

THE clergy of Los Angeles have been emphatic in their denunciation of both Hays and Arbuckle. Indignation meetings in church, club and school circles still obscure the well-advertised sun.

Women's organizations have issued yards of resolutions to the press, in opposition to any resurrection of the famous fun-maker. City after city have announced decisions for or against the showing of Arbuckle films.

Dr. Gustav Briegleb, of the Westlake Presbyterian Church, declared to his congregation in Los Angeles' smart residence section that "if it were not for the two million dollars tied up in the films, the producer would tell Arbuckle to jump off the dock." (In this connection, it is interesting to note that producers who are not financially interested in the Arbuckle films have had nothing to say.)



Why did Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle make her spectacular trip to her husband's rescue, during his trial, and then retire to New York again?

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A PARABLE

A FAMOUS COMEDIAN, beloved by children the world over, is involved in a particularly revolting murder case, growing out of a liquor party at a San Francisco hotel. A jury of his peers, after long and earnest contemplation, decrees him innocent of the charge of murder.

The stain upon his character remains, however. He has brought the films into bad repute. Therefore a Great Man in the industry, to whom a trusting public looks to redeem the good name of the films, bans the Comedian from the screen.

A year passes. The case has been almost forgotten. The public looks approvingly upon such characters as Harold Lloyd, Conrad Nagel, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan and decides that perhaps the movies are not so black as they have been painted.

And then the million dollars tied up in the Comedian's films begins to worry the Producers. Under the Great Man's edict, the films cannot be released. A million dollars is a great deal of money And it has been over a year And after all victim of circumstances might have happened to anybody mustn't be vindictive

And so the Producers spoke to the Great Man. They spoke with the authority of employers, the authority due men who were paying a salary of \$150,000 a year to a man who can enlist the confidence of the public. And the Great Man listened and revoked the edict that barred the Comedian from the screen.

And Lo, the Great Man was great no longer.

Moral: A hired man cannot reasonably be expected to be a Miracle Man.

"If any school-teacher did anything like what Arbuckle has done in the past," said the Rev. Robert Shuler, President of the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles, "we would do all we could to help him come back, but we would not put him in a place of confidence by giving him guidance over our children. It is a fight of coin against character."

In other words, the Reverend Bob means that he would not protest Arbuckle's making a living, though he doesn't consider it strictly necessary, if he did it by such laudable means as digging ditches or making little ones out of big ones.

Billy Sunday, that great master

of picturesque language, is decidedly in favor of Arbuckle's return. In a recent interview he declared: "I am a minister of the gospel and the gospel gives every man a chance. From my standpoint, I say give Arbuckle a chance. The Bible says, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to ye again'. And it says 'If a brother was overtaken in a fault'—and Fatty is the brother overtaken in a fault. He was in fault when he went up there to the St. Francis, drinking with that crowd and carousing around. But the jury did not convict him of manslaughter. Everybody has been a fool sometime, but nobody is a fool all the time. The only difference between Fatty and the others is that Fatty got caught."

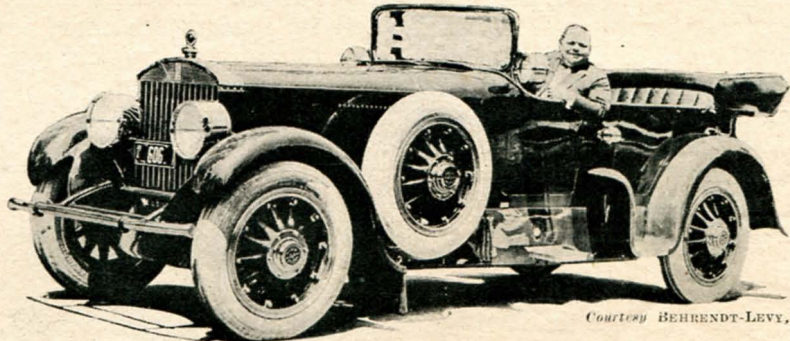
So much for the preachers who cannot agree. Now comes "Fatty"

nounced Christ and stoned him for what he said?"

Arbuckle stated that his pictures have always been clean. Which is true. He declared that reports of his wild parties were "just talk" and that he has no intention of giving wild parties in future.

People on the inside say that Arbuckle's greatest opposition will come from women. In California, the Federated Clubs are against him in every particular. The Hollywood Women's Club was so disgusted with the action of Mr. Hays that they called off a luncheon which was to be given in honor of the Hays representative, Mr. George Patten.

IN THE meantime, the verbal highways echo with queries. Has Hays



Courtesy BEHRENDT-LEVY, INC.

Arbuckle in the days of his prosperity, in his \$20,000 special-built motor.

himself, with a carefully edited plea for mercy. He points out that he was acquitted by the jury that tried him for the death of Virginia Rappe, but exonerated in a statement that the eight men and four women issued.

"Unlike the jury" runs his statement, "those denouncing me heard no part of the evidence, and are without knowledge of the facts." (Evidently the transcripts of the court reporters mean nothing to Roscoe.)

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," quotes Fatty. "How would my accusers like to be judged the way they are judging me? What might have happened if some of those who heartlessly denounced me had been present when the Savior forgave the penitent thief on the cross, in words that have had more influence on the human race than any other words ever uttered. Would not some of those persons have de-

betrayed the public which trusted him? What caused his sudden flip-flop? Why did Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle make her spectacular trip to Roscoe's rescue and then retire to New York again? If Miss Rappe was merely ill and accepted kindly assistance, why did witnesses scamper for points outside the jurisdiction of the court? Has Roscoe really reformed? Does he still drink or does he not? Has he manicured his language? What of the lonely grave in Hollywood?

It isn't up to Will Hays to say that Roscoe Arbuckle may or may not come back to the screen.

It isn't up to the producers who have a million dollars tied up in the Arbuckle films.

It isn't even up to the clergy who are fighting so fiercely for morality that they are forgetting something of Christianity and its though-your-sins-are-as-scarlet promise.

It's up to the public, you who pay your fifty-five cents.

LOVE is a DRUG

*In Hollywood Its Ravages
Are More Severe Than
Morphine.*

Ravages of the Love Drug

By
SYL McDOWELL

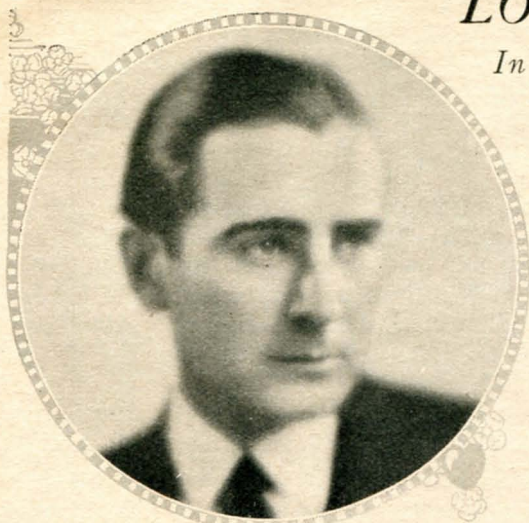


Photo by Hoover

LOVE is a drug that deadens reason. By this compassionate provision of Nature man is blinded to the faults of his *choosing* mate and is led a stupefied captive to the scaffold of matrimony.

After the anesthesia of emotion wears away, the male awakens. He fingers the noose and with clouded reason restored, speculates upon his predicament.

Woman in the throes of romantic fervor is only slightly more rational than the male. At best she is abnormal, like a setting hen. Groping in the dark for the jewel chest of destiny—that's what it is, this marriage game. So is it any wonder that some of us lay hand on a trap door spider instead of a pearl?

Woman is the prime mover in the emotional complex. She baits the trap. In the courtship dream, she retains a faint gleam of waketime intelligence. The love drug produces total unconsciousness in the male, but not so with her. The proof is money marriages. A man is loathsome who promises to love, honor and obey a checkbook. But all predatory beauties forage for wealth. Yet we don't despise them. Miss Stonehatchet would be held foolish to shiver under a bough with Rollo Rabbitskin if Philander Flintface offered

her a swell, big batcave to live in.

So love is a drug. And its addicts are everywhere. But Hollywood is full of them. And here in Hollywood its ravages are more severe than morphine. Love's ravages are devastating Hollywood.

Why? Because stars, with their

Two individuals of separate stations can not hope for a tranquil home. Rex Ingram is not a film actor, but he is a director, so he and his lovely wife, Alice Terry, find parallel interests.

highly developed emotions, are ready victims to the love habit. Deprived, love addicts are as desperate as a hophead, maddened by starved and jangling nerves. Murder, love, theft, divorce epidemics—all the concomitants of jazzed lives follow in the wake of love like a plague.

Thousands of men—screen heroes as well as plumbers and bookkeepers and afflicted pastors—would pledge fortunes for a love antitoxin. That, or else a reliable recipe to guide aright their surges of devotion.

POOR, befuddled, pathetic man wants to know how to pick a woman to marry. A few wise ones have learned to regard circumstances without as well as within. Character and taste are the circumstances within. Environment, social and economic status are circumstances without. A harmonious blend of temperaments is essential to successful marriage of course. But having such—the circumstances within—two individuals of separate stations cannot hope for a tranquil home.

A girl star may wed her



Here is a couple who grasped the recipe for happiness. Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan waited for years, until Neilan emerged from comparative obscurity to become one of film-dom's most conspicuous figures. Blanche Sweet was wise to the screen after the wedding.

chauffeur. But she must become, in mode of living, plane of thought and class register a chauffeur's wife. Or else the chauffeur must by some *legerdemain* elevate himself to become a seeming mate. On a desert island they might live in uninterrupted bliss. But surrounded by rigid social custom and the intricacies of civilization they would soon be thrust apart by the inexorable code.

Of course the star could endow the chauffeur with high position. But then she would hate him. Gladys Walton divorced a husband because she found it humiliating, she said, to support him.

So, in marriage, more than the two culprits are to be considered. There are You and I—and the World.

A male star might wed a scrub-maid. She will wring out her mop and store it away with other girlish memories. She will learn to wear a ballgown but as she crosses the polished floor her husband will think of her on bended knees obliterating the footmarks.

Doug and Mary are a perfect example of professional matrimony because they met and dwell on the same plane. If Jean Acker had achieved stardom at the same time as did Rodolph they might be happy together today.

Rex Ingram is not an actor but he is a movie director, so he and his lovely wife, Alice Terry, find parallel interests, are congenial among the same associates. Marriage from unlike stations is liking mixing races. Constance Talmadge married a Greek tobacco king. As a tobacco king, he was the real leaf and as a star Constance is outshone by few. There was something else the matter.

For conjugal serenity it is not necessary for stars to wed stars. Not

in the least. Fellow quaffers at the love vial may possess kindred characteristics in some other phase of life that makes a balanced union. Bert Lytell and Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt are home lovers. So they have found marital bliss outside their profession.

Gloria Swanson as a bathing girl might have gone on content as the spouse of Wallace Berry. But Hollywood custom would not tolerate a screen villain's proprietorship of a public idol.

ARE MOVIE folk who succumb to the love potion in perpetual danger of separation? Is success a nemesis that threatens their homes? Yes, if professional sympathy is all that anchors the marital frigate.

Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet waited for years until Neilan emerged from comparative obscurity to become one of moviedom's most conspicuous figures. Blanche Sweet,

Their emotional lives make actors and actresses particular prey of the love drug. That is why conjugal affrays and divorces are so common in Hollywood. There is an analysis of the trouble—a diagnosis of the love-drugged condition.

A WOMAN'S first line of defense is her lips. All actresses are cast in "kissing parts"—that is, all except Mary Pickford, who commonly refuses, or Gale Henry or Sylvia Ashton—a few who are cast as unkissable types.

When a woman yields her first line of defense, it is like taking the first hypodermic. The next is easier. And so on until the last bulwark of convention crumbles.

To a man, the fervid kiss of an enticing woman is a powerful stimulant. Have you wondered to know the emotional thrill that screen lover's feel in the fadeout closeup embrace? The unsparing

eye of the camera demands real kisses, real sighs, real heart throbs.

Long ago the danger of a kiss was recognized on the spoken stage. It was unprofessional for a man and a girl, cast together in a love part, to kiss one another's lips night after night. So artifice was used. The stage depth

and distance from the audience provided a merciful camouflage. They touched cheeks. That's all.

Love and morphine have useful places in the scheme of things if properly prescribed and taken according to directions. But if morphine addicts lost their craving, sanitariums soon would be idle. While without love madness, jails would empty and divorce lawyers would starve to death.

And Hollywood wouldn't be half so famous.



If Jean Acker had achieved stardom at the same time as did Rodolph Valentino, they might be living together happily today.

long ago a leading screen favorite, returned to the screen after their wedding.

Here is a Hollywood couple who solved the problem. They saw love's shoals. Few other screen people show such wisdom. They grasped the recipe for happiness. Blanche Sweet was wise to return to the screen. Discord would soon threaten if Neilan would come home to tell her of his work and say: "Things are different nowadays, dear."



COL. SELIG'S Stories of MOVIE LIFE

*Reminiscence, Grave and
Gay, of Twenty-five
Years on a Studio Lot*

By COL. WILLIAM SELIG

REMINISCENCES of any kind are not unlike boarding house hash.

You remember, of course, the literary boarder who fixed his eyes upon the hash and asked his neighbor to please pass the Review of Reviews.

But even hash, well spiced, is palatable. And my quarter of a century in the fascinating game of motion pictures has been highly seasoned with ludicrous—and tragic—experience.

I am going to tell you most about the humorous incidents, however, for time has dulled a bit the poignancy of my little tragedies, and I find the laughable experiences stand out most in my memory.

Made His Own Camera

SUCH a time as we had, back in '95, when we were struggling with our camera and projection machines! The camera that I first made . . . the fore-runner of the machine now in use at our Los Angeles studio, by the way . . . was worked out under the stairway of my home in Chicago. It was inspired by Edison's little kinetoscope, of course.

We had dreadful

times with our film, too. The film had to be perforated by hand in those days, and it had a hideous habit of shrinking, so that the perforations would not fit the projection machine. We tried all sorts of experiments, including treating it before it was used in the camera or perforated, on the same principle that cloth is sometimes shrunk before being made up.

However, all that is technical and not highly interesting to the layman.

The first real picture I ever made was taken out in front of my house. The next one was "shot" over in the Chicago stock-yards. I sold both of them and actually made money on them, so I joyously gave up my previous occupation, which was, among other

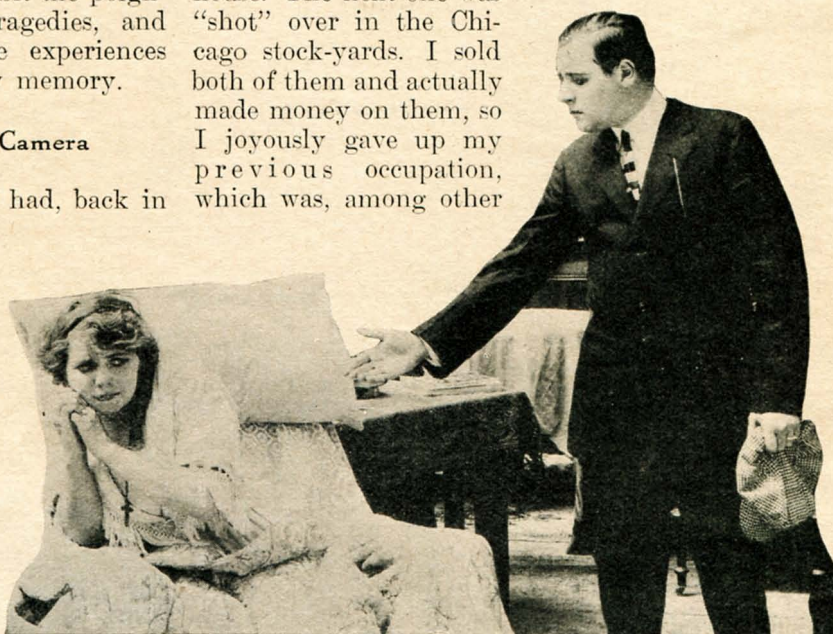
things, managing a minstrel show, and went into the business of making pictures in earnest.

Famous Names in Early Casts

ON APRIL 1, 1896, we opened up the Selig studio in Chicago at 43 Peck Court. In that studio some of the most important pioneering work in motion pictures was done, and some of the famous actors and actresses today got their start on my lot.

Kathlyn Williams, Harold Lockwood, Eugenie Besserer, Fred Huntley and a score or more of others, destined to become famous, appeared in our early pictures. We had the original all-star casts, too.

For instance, in *The Coming of Columbus* one of our most ambitious early efforts, Myrtle Stedman, Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood had important parts. For making this picture I received a silver medal from the Pope, an honor which I cherish as one of my pleasantest memories.



Kathlyn Williams and the lamented Harold Lockwood, who fell a victim to the influenza epidemic in 1918. Lockwood and Miss Williams were featured together in many of the early Selig releases.

You can't make motion pictures for a quarter of a century without accumulating a store of human interest experiences that make a reporter or a by-the-day seamstress look like an Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire. Colonel Selig has been turning out photoplays since the early feudal period of 1896, and his anecdotes are as good as his pictures.

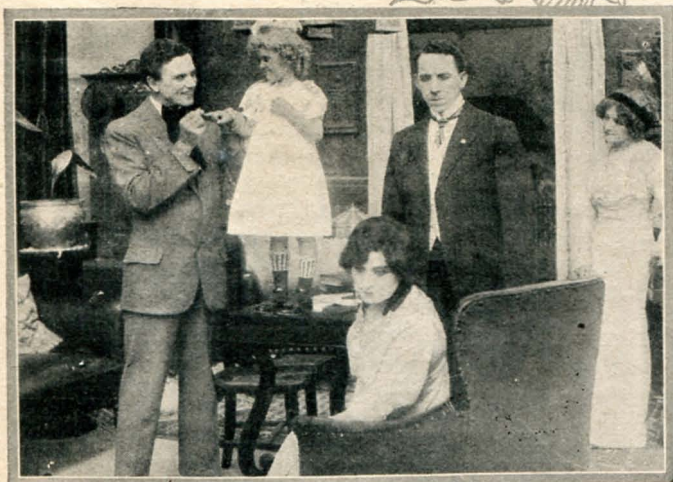
Tom Mix was another star of today who started his screen career with us. Selig pictures first made his rough-riding, wild-west films popular. The first horse Tom ever rode in pictures is still at our studio zoo, pensioned after faithful service, living out his last days peacefully in pleasant pastures. Tom loved that horse.

Bill Farnum in *The Spoilers*

BIG BILL FARNUM was a great favorite around the studio in the old days. Of course you remember *The Spoilers*. It was the first really big motion picture, and Bill scored an enormous hit in it. From then on, for a good many years, Bill enjoyed an enormous vogue. His beautiful physique and great bulk fascinated the flappers somewhat as Valentino's polished manners do today. And just as the producers play up Valentino's beautiful manners, so did we play up Farnum's strength, giving him strong-man, red-blooded roles, until a newspaper bard, J. P. McEvoy,



Bill Farnum's beautiful physique intrigued the flappers of a decade ago as Valentino's polished manners do now. Colonel Selig played up Farnum's great build by giving him red-blooded, he-man roles, like his greatest part in "*The Spoilers*."



Herbert Rawlinson's dimples were first displayed to screen advantage in the early Selig pictures.



COURTESY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY

A dear old familiar scene from a photoplay of an ancient vintage. The hard-hearted landlord is foreclosing the mortgage on the old homestead, and Edythe Chapman and Charles Ogle are about to be turned out on the street leading over the hills to the poorhouse, doubtless.

immortalized Bill's prowess in verse, a bit of which I will give here:

"Oh have you seen our Farnum
slap an engine off the track,
And chase a mob to helangon and
sometimes half-way back?
And have you seen him stand a
king upon his royal ear,
And beat a faithful army to a
palpitating smear?
How gracefully he hits a big
gazabo on the nose,
And presto! undertakers and
some flowers and repose!
So do not fear the English or the
German or the Jap,
Just notify Bill Farnum and he'll
chase 'em off the map."

Camera Was Cruel to Kathlyn Williams

KATHLYN WILLIAMS was one of our most charming leading ladies. The photographs reproduced here do not do her beauty justice. The art of make-up in those days was distinctly not so good, and she seems older than she does now. She came to us from a successful stage career. Miss Williams was featured in the first serial, *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, which made an enormous success, and precipitated a deluge of serial pictures.

Bessie Eyton, now leading lady with the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles, had important roles in many of our early pictures. Bessie was at one time the wife of Charles Eyton, now general manager of Famous Players—Lasky corpora-

tion, and husband of Kathlyn Williams.

I ALWAYS think of Wallace Reid as the nice kid who used to play around our lot. His father, Hal Reid, used to write scenarios for us (we'd call them continuities now), and Wally, fascinated as all youngsters are by a studio, was always under foot. We used to give him small bits and atmosphere to do. He did them well, too. He was such a handsome youngster.

We were a training school for directors as well as stars, in the old days. Al Green, now a well-known wielder of a directorial megaphone, played extra parts with us.

Remember Tom Santschi, he of the lovely curling pompadour? He was one of our stand-bys when we needed a sterling actor, a handsome face as well. Back in 1907, Mabel Talliaferro was one of our players, too.

No Huge Salaries Then

I AM OFTEN asked if we had as much temperament in our actors in the old days as we do now. Well, an actor is an actor always, and something has to be conceded to genius, but it is my personal opinion that the *morale* of pictures was better in the old days.

There wasn't so much money lying around loose, for one thing. A salary of \$100 a week was a mighty large and handsome wage, and only a few featured players got it. William Farnum got more than that for *The Spoilers*; we paid him not by the week, however, but with a lump sum for the whole picture.

Dobbin's Scaffolding

THERE have been a good many chuckles during my years of picture-making. I remember one picture for which we needed a horse, a very emaciated, bony horse. We found one, the daddy of all bony equines. A visitor to the studio took one look at old Dobbin and asked his handler, "Gettin' in a new horse?"

"Aw, wottcher givin' us?" asked the stable-boy sensitively.

"I see you've got the frame-work up already," said the visitor.

This tale has gone the rounds so often that its origin in our studio has probably been forgotten.

Why Directors Go Wrong

JUST to show the unexpected problems that pop up in a studio, I want to tell about an *impasse* that occurred some time ago in another studio, not mine. The casting director was told to secure five priests and forty choir-boys for an elaborate cathedral scene. I believe a royal wedding was to be filmed. For the sake of realism he was told he must get the real thing; no "hams" dressed up in vestments at \$7.50 a day would do.

Well, the priests and choir-boys

of them had been secured from an Episcopal church and twenty from a Roman Catholic church. The Episcopal songsters refused to sing the Catholic chants and the Catholic boys refused to sing the Episcopal chants. I believe the director flipped a coin and the Episcopal boys lost, so they were marched off the set and the scene was "shot" with a half-portion choir, triumphantly warbling their own beloved chants.

ONE of the most difficult things we pioneers in pictures had to do was to educate the public into taking their films in other than tabloid doses. The first pictures were only about 25 feet long. When we lengthened them to 50 and finally to 100 the exhibitors protested. People got tired of looking at them, they said.

Finally, we made a picture that was of tremendous length, 1000 feet! We sent a print to London and our salesman wrote back that he could sell twice as many 500-foot films as he could 1000-footers.

"Sell the 1000-footers," I wrote back. "We get paid by the foot anyway."

Little by little the public got used to the longer films, until an audience ceased to be outraged when the theater manager put off on them a five-reel picture and a two-reel comedy, instead of the regular diet of six one-reel pictures.

How Mob Scenes Were Faked

IT WAS pretty hard to get good actors to work in pictures in those days. The actors from the "legitimate" looked down on the films, and we didn't have the money to offer them the fabulous salaries that might have persuaded them to "prostitute their art." We got a good many vaudeville stars, however.

For mob scenes in the old days, when a big crowd was needed, it was a common practice to march the same men back and forth before the camera. Fifty men could thus impersonate a huge army, and the



The art of make-up in the old days was very different from what it is today, so that an actress looked much older than she really was. Kathlyn Williams is in the act of handing back Harold Lockwood's ring.

were persuaded to assist." The set, a beautiful thing, was ready, the actors were on the set and everything was ready to shoot, when it was discovered that the choir-boys weren't all the same brand. Twenty

custodian of the studio bank-roll was saved much mental anguish.

The famous zoo that we maintain at our Lincoln Park establishment came about partly by accident. We needed a lot of animals for a picture, *The Adventures of Kathlyn*, which, you remember, had its setting in the jungles of India. We had so much difficulty in renting animals that we finally purchased what we needed for the picture, and kept them right on the lot in case of future use. We made a good many animal pictures after that, and little by little we added new animals until now our zoo is quite a show-place in Southern California.

The Game Was Simpler Then

MAKING pictures was a much simpler business back in the early days. The sets were very simple and inexpensive, and the audience was willing to use a bit of imagination. In those days when it was so thrilling just to see a picture move, there were no blasé and keen-eyed critics waiting to howl a protest when a young lady in a tailored suit passed through a doorway and appeared on the other side in negligee.

Cutting a picture was simple, too. Film was too expensive to be used lavishly, and we "shot" no more than we expected to use. Nowadays, in a big film thousands of feet of costly film are thrown out, in the cutting room, often a hundred

times as much film as was used in a whole motion picture in 1907 or 1908.

Being Funny Under Difficulties

WE MADE a good many comedies, short-reelers, when pictures were just striking their stride. Just plain slap-stick, with some funny costumes, some good "gags" and of course, some kind of a chase. They sold well, too, for we never had the difficulty in making our audiences giggle that Edwin Stevens that splendid actor, encountered in the person of a grouchy German vaudeville manager, when he made up his mind to go into vaudeville.

The manager was very busy and was low in his mind.

"Vell," he growled, "vat you want, hay?"

"I would like to go into vaudeville," said Stevens meekly.



An early photograph of Mary Pickford.

"Vat do you do? Vat is your line?"

"I am a comedian, sir, I—"

"A komiker, was?" The manager scowled blackly. "Vel, make me laugh!"

Editor's Note: The second installment of Colonel Selig's fascinating reminiscence will be published in the May SCREENLAND, out April 1. Watch for it.

Notes of the Players

New Movie Papa

Richard Barthelmess is the latest Papa on record in movie-land. His wife, known professionally as Mary Hay became a mother in New York just a few days ago. The little one has a rocky road ahead in order to attain the heights of its parents, but then again look at the start it has on other kids. Time will tell.

"Riches to Rags"

Marion Davis goes from riches to rags when she jumps from *When Knighthood Was in Flower* to *Adam and Eva*, her new picture. In the former, as Mary Tudor, her gowns were a gorgeous combination

of gold and brocade while in *Adam and Eva* as "Eva," her wardrobe consists almost entirely of gingham. All of which proves she can look nice in either.

Wanda Hawley Asks Divorce

Wanda Hawley has filed application for a divorce from M. Hawley, charging that he consumed so much of his time entertaining at the Hawley bungalow, that he could find no time to follow his chosen profession as automobile mechanic. This came as somewhat of a surprise as the Hawley's have been married for some time and were supposed, from all indications to be very happy. Also, with their occupa-

tions being so different, it was impossible for much friction there but things must of clashed elsewhere as the divorce has been filed and after all it is results that count.

Pickford-Miller to Co-Star

Jack Pickford is so tired of being 2,000 miles away from his wife, who is Marilyn Miller, star of *Sally* now running on the legit in Chicago, that he has asked the managerial boss of the Pickford family, his mother, to get a story co-starring him and wife on the screen. "Ma" Pickford has promised to do her best and judging from past performances it ought to be a —well let's wait and see the picture.



Charles Ray has only a modicum of sex appeal. He is not the lover. He is the sweetheart, your first sweetheart of the lace valentine period.

The Sex

Is Sex Appeal a Box-Office Asset to the Motion Picture Star? Just How Much an Actor Owes to His Personality, Which Is Just Another Name for Sex Appeal, Is Related in this Fascinating Analysis.

SEX APPEAL condemned in the pulpit and condoned in the pews. To what extent do the reigning favorites of the screen owe their popularity to this appeal of the senses?

A luscious, lovely blonde walked not long ago into the offices of a film company's general manager.

"You should be a very big star with the advertising and prestige I can give you," was the manager's edict. "You were made to love. Such eyes and lips! You have every element of sex appeal. . . ."

The sex element must enter more or less liberally into any story, before the latter can attain screen proportions. Different directors handle sex in different ways, but it is always the underlying *motif* of any great picture.

It was Griffith who established the formula that the lesser lights since then have been copying. A demure maid. Her rightful lover. A scheming villain intent upon devastating the damsel's virtue. This was the basic triangle of a Griffithian story. Not new, of course; it was hoary when Boccaccio translated neighborhood scandals into the snappy stories of the day.

The "heavy" must always place the heroine in bodily harm. And it must appear to the audience that he intends forcing her to yield to his desires . . . but she must, without fail, be rescued by the hero after the last ounce of suspense has been squeezed out.

Barbara La Marr fairly breathes the vital lure of sex. She is essentially the woman of the world. Miscast as an ingenue, she is gauche, unappealing. But as the mistress of men, how alluring!



PHOTO BY HOOVER

Best Sellers

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

CECIL B. DEMILLE handles Sex in a different fashion. He presents it with every *decor* and ornamentation conceivable, making it appear delicately tinsel, inviting, but elemental as the Pyramus and Thisbe romance.

It is a peculiar fact that Griffith, who stresses sex so heavily in his pictures, invariably chooses for his heroines actresses who are almost entirely lacking in sex appeal. Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster—all the fragile, spirituelle type, seldom the kind that inflames Man's interest in Woman.

DeMille, on the other hand, will have none of the ethereal maidens. His silken women are Sex personified. Gloria Swanson; Leatrice Joy; Agnes Ayres; Bebe Daniels; mystery; lure; Sex!

IT WASN'T his dramatic ability that made Rodolph Valentino the idol of American womanhood, practically overnight. And Valentino is a superb actor, at that. It was his sex appeal, whether you will admit it or not, you women who go to see his pictures five and six times over! It is the look in his dark eyes as he crushes the heroine (the heroine who might be you!) to his breast, the fact that he makes you sigh blissfully at his romantic ardor.

For this very reason, many men do not like Valentino. Men never like to see a man more skilled in the art of love-making than they, themselves.

Lon Chaney is a wonderful actor. His interpretations are as fine or better than Valentino's. So is Noah Beery a fine actor. But do women fall madly in love with them, deluging them with fan letters? They do not. Chaney and Beery have not Valentino's sex appeal.

Bessie Love is as sweet and pretty — as her name, but she is practically lacking in sex appeal.

Mother used to blush when father mentioned his woolen underwear. Now she gets a kick out of the kinetamized B. V. D's. of Valentino, as in the dressing-room scene of "Blood and Sand."

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



Gloria Swanson, like all of C. B. DeMille's leading women, typifies mystery—lure—sex!



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES



PHOTO BY EVANS

Conrad Nagel has charm. His manners are faultless and women like him. But he doesn't capture their emotions. Wherefore Conrad is not starred, though he is a finer actor than many whose names are emblazoned in electric lights.

IT IS not a matter of looks, of beauty. Katherine MacDonald is wonderfully beautiful, but she has about as much sex appeal as an icicle. Bessie Love is as sweet and pretty as her name, but she is practically lacking in that lure of sex. Thomas Meighan can by no standards of beauty be called handsome, but his personal appeal is so great that women go mad about him.

Nita Naldi's sex appeal is her *raison d'être* in pictures. What other quality could possibly account for the great vogue of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, a year or two ago?

Why does Mae Murray appear in a pearl breast-band and a tinsel loin-cloth and nothing else in at least one sequence of every picture?

Because the men who for years have paid money to sit in the bald-headed row within squinting distance of the beautiful chorus girls now get a mental thrill out of a pair of alabaster shoulders in what are deftly termed "society dramas" on the screen.

And the producers, discovering that what's sauce for the gander is chili sauce for the goose, have taken to giving the fair sex glimpses of the Valentino torso, in such in-

stances as the dressing-room scene in *Blood and Sand*.

Mother used to blush when father mentioned his woolen underwear. Now she gets a kick out of the kinematized B. V. D.'s. For, as the wit said in *Life*:

*Show your shape, my little lad.
You're a matinee idol now, b'gad.*

THERE is a perfectly good economic reason for the beach scenes where the strapping hero poses in a one-piece suit; for bedroom scenes, for the costume pictures, where skin-tight trousers display a shapely thigh and slender waist. Valentino, you remember, has of late appeared in snug, toreador costumes in *Blood and Sand*, in tight knee breeches, in *The Shiek*, and in



Lillian Gish is the spirituelle type invariably chosen by Griffith for his heroines. It is seldom that this fragile type of maiden inflames man's interest in woman.

a few strings of pearls in *The Young Rajah*.

Conrad Nagel has charm; his manners are faultless and women like him. But he doesn't intrigue their imaginations so that they place fresh flowers before his picture every day. Wherefore he is not starred, though he is a finer actor than many whose names are emblazoned in electric lights. He lacks sex appeal.

Harold Lloyd is one star who attained world-wide fame without

that peculiar appeal of sex. He is the boy-next-door; he typifies a fine comradeship rather than passion.

Charles Ray has a modicum of sex appeal. He is the sweetheart—your first sweetheart—not the lover. There is a fine distinction.

Barbara La Marr fairly breathes the vital lure of sex. She is essentially the woman of the world type. In the first part of *Trifling Women*, Miss LaMarr is cast an ingenue, a flapper. Ye Gods, how incongruous! She was gauche, unappealing. But in the later scenes, as the fair mistress of men, how alluring she was! She has poise, dignity, sex appeal!

TO HAVE sex appeal is to have personality. Sex is life. It is not something to be spoken of in hushed whispers. It is a gift of the Gods, an inheritance from our fair mother Eve and our father Adam.

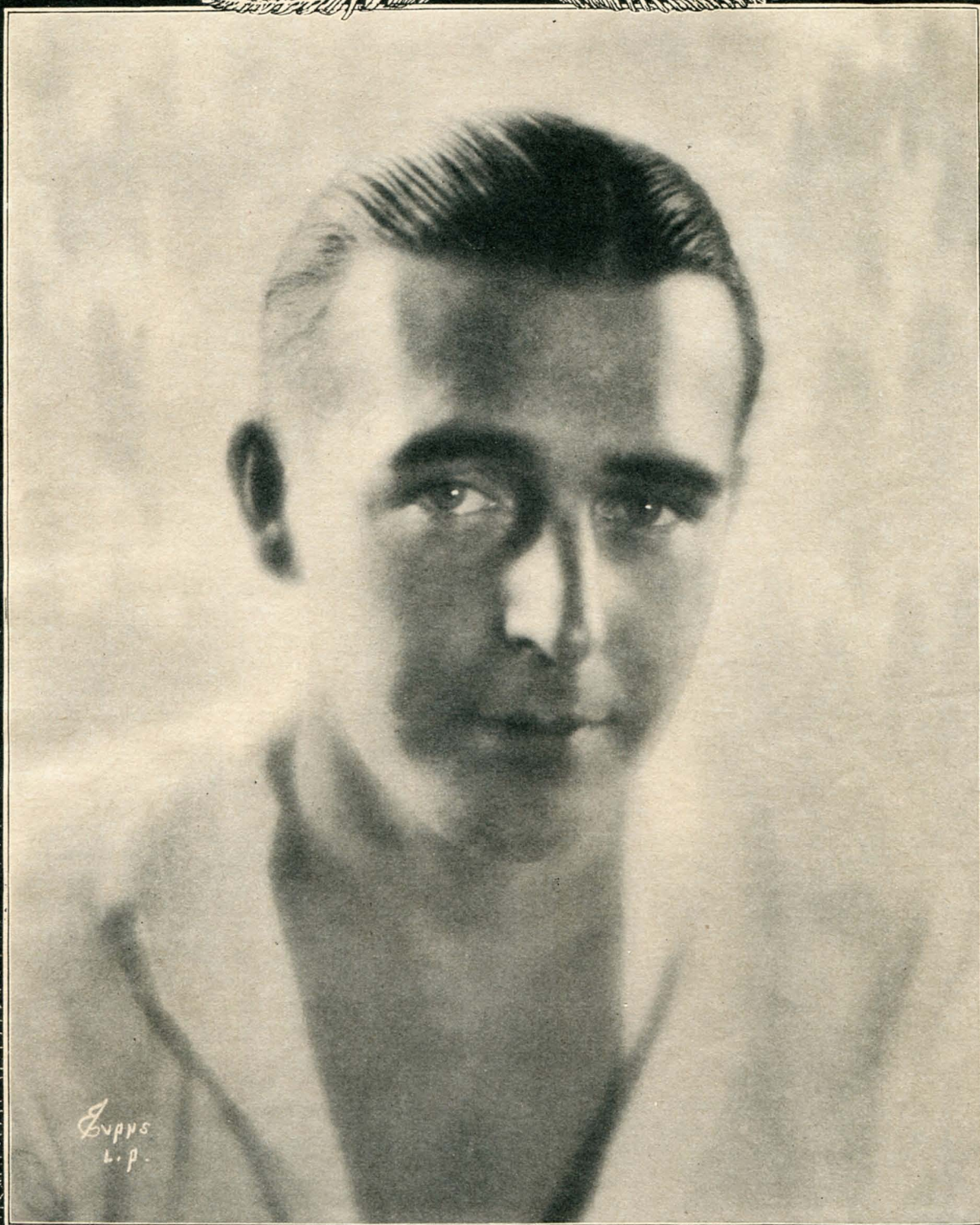
Just how far the expression of sex can go on the screen is a question. It is all in the way it is handled. Sex handled crudely betokens vulgarity and is offensive. Sex handled delicately, subtly, is artistic and wholly desirable.

And the more sex appeal an actor has, the more fan mail he gets. And, incidentally, the more salary.

Bebe Daniels is the personification of sex lure, a true daughter of our fair mother Eve.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY KEYES



In Memory of
WALLACE REID, Actor
He fought the good fight.
1892-1923



"Don't you think I'm cute?" forever asks the smile of Mary Miles Minter.



When Rodolph Valentino forgets to look mysterious and smiles a nice, boyish smile like this, he becomes just a dark-eyed Italian lad who likes spaghetti and runs around with the gang at night.



The "I-am-so-beautiful-touch-me-not" smile of Anna Q. Nilsson.

By Their Prop Smiles

By ANNE AUSTIN

BY THEIR smiles shall you know them—ingenues, villains, tragedy queens, vampires, society butterflies, Cody-vamps, mothers, the children that are responsible for the loving close-up in the last foot of film; the children who are foredoomed to play "waifs and strays"; men who are Apostles-of-God's-Great-Outdoors (that phrase is patented but still useable); rip-snortin' cowboys; martyred fathers who only pay the bills and have no fun; grand dames who give the poor clerk the razz with a perfectly lady-like but chilly smile; the breezy out-door girl who is "just a good pal"—and winds up in the heroes arms while the poor vamp smokes her cigarettes in lonely splendor.

All—all—all have their smiles, and by their smiles shall you know them. A smile is as much the private and indisputable property of a particular star or class of stars as her lipstick. When a new player is assigned her place in the screen world as ingenue or vamp, she is awarded a smile by the property man, along with her wardrobe. She may get a new frock for every change of scene, but she cannot change her smile. And no one can

use *her* smile. It is her one inalienable right. And this is just. Think what terrible confusion the movie audiences would suffer if the vamp should forget herself, leave at home her one-sided, intriguing, secretive Oh-the-things-I-could-tell-on-the-married-men-if-I-would kind of smile, and by mistake smile a natural, whole-souled young girl smile, such as she invariably used before the casting director discovered her as a vamp! Quick, Watson, the needle! The whole world of make-believe would totter.

If we couldn't depend upon knowing just how mean the mysterious dark lady was by the kind of smile she served out in her first close-up; if the villain forgot himself and his mustache and put on the hero's "God's-in-his-heaven-all-right-with-the-world" smile; if the sweet old mother let her lips rest once in a while and looked as cross as she feels, with her corns hurting her 'n everything—then, oh then, there would be the devil to pay in screenland.

THE MOUTH is the truest indicator of character. No wonder the novelist goes into rhapsodies about the

heroine's mouth — curling lovely words about it—"intriguing," "tender," "drooping," "pouting," "inviting," "provocative," "prehensile." Think of your favorite movie star and you will find that your attention is riveted on two items always—the eyes and the mouth. The eyes are used almost as much in smiling as the mouth, but the mouth has the double-barreled advantage of being the most poignant point of contact. When the hero kisses the girl in the final emotional spasm, when he just can't keep his hands off her any longer, the whole audience kisses along with him. The emotion surges up from the toes in great nice waves to the mouth, and we all have a glorious time. Since the hero's mouth and the heroine's mouth are responsible for this superlative pleasure, let's consider the kind of mouths that our stars and starlets have, and the kind of smiles with which their producers and their press agents have endowed them.

Take Theda Bara, for instance, if you can find her. But if you can't, you won't have any trouble remembering her. Theda did darn little smiling. A smiling Theda



Theda Bara made you look for her smile — and look in vain. The mouth of the woman-of-mystery drooped intriguingly or trembled with passion. And oh, how fascinating the married men found it!



Dorothy Dalton's smile says as plainly as words: "I must show my dimples, no matter how I distort my mouth doing it."



Tom Mix's smile stamps him as an Apostle of God's Great-Outdoors.

Ye Shall Know Them

would have made about as much ripple in "A Fool There Was" as Marie Prevost in an Eskimo role. Theda went heavy on the soulful tragedy, woman-of-mystery stuff. Her mouth drooped intriguingly, or trembled with passion; if she smiled, there was only a slight twitch at the mobile corners, which made you hope that next time there would be more; she made you look for her smile—and look in vain. Her little half-smile concealed, rather than revealed; was apparently for her own private enjoyment. And oh, how fascinating the philandering married men found it!

ON THE other hand, Pola Negri, the prize fascinator of the day, smiles broadly and muchly—but not so fascinatingly, unless you like your fascination dished up in generous portions. Pola smiles like a hoyden, largely because she enjoys smiling. When she remembers her role, she narrows that generous mouth and holds in the exuberance of personality. But in her tragedy scenes, that flexible mouth becomes a poem of passion and sorrow. It writhes in pain. A kiss from Pola

*The Smile
is the Star's
Identification
Tag.
He May
Change
His
Costume
But
Never
His
Smile*

when she is in one of her big renunciation scenes would make even Dr. Crane forget that he has a message for the world.

And then there's Nazimova's

smile. Imagine Nazimova grinning! Not a single reviewer would ever again refer to her as "exotic." What a time she must have curbing her smiles, narrowing them down to a

Russian expression of frustrated passion and world-weariness. Even in "The Brat" Nazimova's smile was calculated to break the heart, rather than to bring answering smiles. Possibly the largest single ingredient in Nazimova's copyrighted smile is disdain—disdain for the world in general, her leading man in particular, the electricians who sometimes make her nose look big with faulty lighting; the director who forgets himself and bellows at Alla, the all highest, and for the audience who will gape and "mis-understand." Audiences are such funny creatures that they even like to be disdained.

Then there is the conscious "I am so beautiful — touch-me-not" smile of some of our leading beauties—Katherine MacDonald, and Anna Nilsson. The smile means nothing in the world but a turning in of the eyes of self upon self, for a rapt contemplation of the beauties thereof. No wonder the audience gets mighty little kick out of their smiles.

And conjure up the smile of Dorothy Dalton, which says as plainly as words — "I positively must show all my dimples every time I smile—no matter how badly I distort my mouth to do it." No director in the world could get much acting out of a chronically dimpling mouth.

The womanly smile, which says, "It's not quite ladylike to smile too broadly," is the smile which hovers persistently about the lovely lips of Claire Windsor, our chief exponent of womanliness.

IF YOU want to take something infinitely precious and cuddle it to your heart a while, to dream over at night and to sigh for during a bad day, take the smile of Lillian Gish—tender, whimsical, infinitely wistful, as if Lillian were sighing for the moon, dreaming dreams of fairy-tale romance. Lillian's eyes don't smile; they seem to fill with tears as her lips curve upward.

Now Dorothy Gish's smile is something else yet. It tells the world that Dorothy is having an awfully good time in this incarnation, that people are kind to her, that her sense of humor is as lively as a kitten and as penetrating as a knitting needle; that she loves the world and the world loves her. A thoroughly nice smile is Dorothy's.

The most luscious smiling lips in the world belong to one Bebe Daniels, and if the male half of the world could have its say, those lips would be community property. Considered solely from the kissing standpoint, Bebe's lips are perfect. Second place in the kissable lips' list should go unanimously to Mae Murray—oh, those bee-stung lips! Mae's smile is a constant invitation to a kiss. Devilish, mocking, provocative—all such adjectives bubble

of Paw's and Maw's hearts, and makes would-be protectors out of prosaic business men. Take Shirley Mason's and Mary Miles Minter's sweet, little-girlie smiles as a shining example of this kind of smiling—patented especially for this class of stars. Because millions of fans know Shirley as the cute little girl by her smile, she will never be able to get away with any other kind of smile—hence will never be able to play any other role. She will never be permitted to grow up. She is condemned to eternal youth—that is, as eternal as the fans will permit. Ultimately Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, Constance Binney, May McAvoy, Marie Prevost, Edith Roberts—all the dear little girls, some of them actresses, most of them not—will be buried in the same grave with our old delight—Marguerite Clarke.



The womanly smile which says: "It's not quite ladylike to smile too broadly" hovers persistently on the lips of Claire Windsor.

up irrepressibly when one attempts to describe the smiles of Bebe Daniels and Mae Murray.

The "Aren't-I-a-nice-little-girl-don't-you-think-I'm-cute?" is the kind of smile that warms the cockles

THE HERO is allowed a little range in his smiling, but he must never encroach the slightest on the villain's territory. He must never be really cynical; must never smile luring smiles at women other than the heroine. He may express a little cavemanish anger, for the audience is comfortably sure that he will bring the naughty vixen to time and then spend the rest of his life adoring her and following her slightest wishes; he may show amusement, some sophistication, but not so much that a single dumbbell in the audience will mistake him for Lord Algy, the polished society villain; he may open up his mouth and roar out his delight, but he mustn't do it often, for that sort of role belongs to the fat young character actor, or the clever kid brother of the heroine. You see what a task it must be for the director to keep these smiles all sorted out, and to

keep his actors and actorines from poaching on each other's preserves.

The goof that printed the word "SMILE" on a red cardboard for business men to hang over their
(Continued on page 101)



ALICE TERRY—Sweet Alice is lending her delicate beauty to the latest
Ingram picture, "Toilers of the Sea."

PHOTO BY HOOVER

SCREENLAND GALLERY



HELENE CHADWICK has been on the receiving end of so many of Richard Dix's screen kisses that the fans are annoyed when another fair lady is substituted

PHOTO BY EVANS

SCREENLAND GALLERY



ANTONIO MORENO has more reason to flash that famous smile, now that he has finished his Vitagraph contract. You saw him most recently as the gallant Don in the Paramount Picture, *My American Wife*.

PHOTO BY MONROE

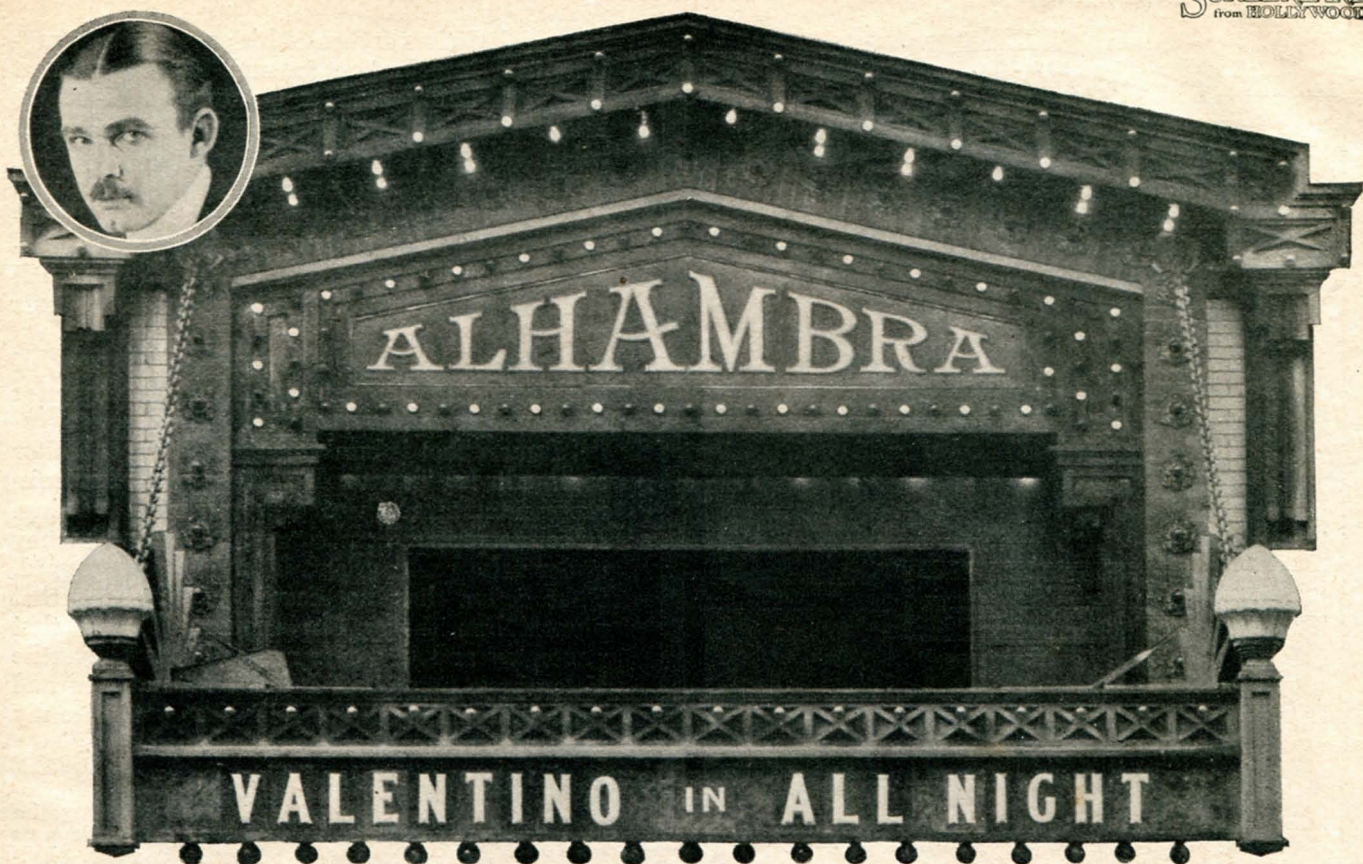
SCREENLAND GALLERY



DERELYS PERDUE no doubt, must have been in the mind of the judge who decided that a woman can dress on \$200 a year. A few strings of beads make a neat, tasty costume, and the effect is pleasing.

PHOTO BY GRENEAUX

SCREENLAND GALLERY



Bogus Movies

When You Go to the Movies, You Don't Want to Waste Money on "Warmed-Over" Films

By L. B. FOWLER

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"—was the advice given me by a conscientious exhibitor of photoplays, who caters to the average class of theater-goers, and I am going to pass it on to you, in the hope that it will save actual cash.

STOP in the lobby of the theater of your choice. Do not purchase your tickets hurriedly.

LOOK over the lobby displays carefully. Do not miss reading ALL the printed matter on the posters.

LISTEN to what others have to say about the entertainment offered. Many times you can tell from the conversation of those coming out of the theater, or those who stand around in the lobby, whether or not the photoplay being shown is old, good, bad or indifferent.

I have followed the above advice and I know from experience that I have saved many dollars and moments of madness by stopping in

WATCH OUT FOR THESE FILMS!

THEY are old pictures, re-issued under new titles to fool you into parting with your good money, or doctored up with new sub-titles:

An Indian's Loyalty
Gold and Glitter
The Spirit Awakened
Fate
Heredity
Two Men of the Desert
The Isle of Love
The Bootlegger's Daughter
A Rogue's Romance
Uncharted Seas
All Night
The Fatal Marriage.

the lobby, looking over the display carefully and listening to what others had to say of the performance I was about to witness.

Undoubtedly you will admit that you have a number of times rushed up to the ticket window of a motion picture theater and laid down your money with only a glance at the lobby display. In that glance you caught the name of the picture, the star appearing and maybe that of the producer. Words printed in small letters seemed unimportant to you.

After witnessing a poor performance, however, you emerge from the showhouse much put out at the management, and at your own carelessness, for you probably found the second time you looked at the photographic display and posters, that in very small type you had been "warned" that the picture was a revision.

I have purposely quoted the word "warned." The management of that house understands the weakness of human nature. He knows

FAVORITE STAR SERIES

TWELVE WESTERN
AND SEMI-WESTERN FEATURES OF TWO REELS EACH
Starring
**LILLIAN GISH—HARRY CAREY—BLANCH SWEET
HENRY WALT HALL—MAE MARSH—LIONEL BARRYMORE**

Personally Directed by
DAVID W. GRIFFITH AND W. CHRISTIE CABANNE
The first six are now ready—The second six will be ready November 15th
TO BE RELEASED THROUGH STATES RIGHT EXCHANGES



END OPEN TERRITORY AND FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS
INDEPENDENT PICTURES CORP., 729 SEVENTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY. TELEPHONE
BRANT 0459

There is no real harm in showing old pictures if the audience is warned beforehand that they are old pictures. The exhibitor who books these films has no excuse for not warning his patrons. This page advertisement from an exhibitor's magazine specifically states that the films are old films, "re-edited and re-subtitled."

that the average American is careless and shortsighted in respect to entertainment. Most playgoers read the matter printed in big type and let it go at that. Not only does this apply to lobby displays but to theatrical advertising as well.

Most Americans dislike detail. That is why the circus owners, the legitimate theater managers, and the exhibitors sell you your entertainment in large lettering that is easy to read. They have made a close study of your faults and weaknesses. They know just how to "get" you.

Every motion picture exhibitor is required by law to inform you if the photoplay he is exhibiting is a reissued one. Thus he satisfies

Moran of the Lady Letty, with Rodolph Valentino.—A splendid story of the sea. High entertaining value. A 100% picture.—Walter Coddington, Home theatre, Rantoul, Ill.—Neighborhood patronage.

his selfish desires and eases his conscience by putting that information in such small type that you can hardly read it at any distance. He knows good and well that you will overlook it when you go to purchase your seats.

There are too many photoplay exhibitors who deliberately advertise a rehashed picture without as much as a word of "warning." The peculiar part of it is they seem to get away with it and go unpunished for their unscrupulous methods.

Recently, I showed a theater manager one of a collection of photographs I am collecting for SCREENLAND.

"I guess that is bunking them," this exhibitor commented. "That's downright bunk and misrepresentation if there ever was such a thing. It comes pretty darn close to obtaining money under false pretense and it ought to be stopped. That fellow has no license to advertise that picture like that. I'm acquainted with that photoplay and if I ever run it, I may advertise Valentino's name, but I won't feature him and furthermore I'll tell the folks that patronize my place of business that it is a reissued film."

An interesting advertisement showing the naive manner in which an exhibitor uses one photoplay to advertise another. Evidently he cleaned up on the Paramount picture *The Sheik*; note the number of references to Valentino and *The Sheik* in his ad. Note also the next little "steal" from both book and photoplay of *The Sheik*: "When the Arab Sees a Woman He Wants—He Takes Her."



JOHN GILBERT
ARABIAN LOVE

A WILD ROMANCE OF DESERT LIFE
There is a positive fascination for most people in stories and motion pictures dealing with the wild charm of life in the great waste spaces of the Orient—the magnetism of the desert, with its caravans, its sheiks, its hordes of fast-riding Arab brigands, its perils and adventures.
At the Rialto theatre next Tuesday will be presented one of the greatest desert pictures ever made—"Arabian Love," produced by William Fox and starring that splendid young actor John Gilbert. It's a rare bit of romance and adventure staged in "the land of the sheik." To tell much more would spoil the treat we promise you.

In showing pictures like "ARABIAN LOVE" for an admission price of 25 Cents the people of Hamilton and vicinity must admit that we are not profiteers. This picture is worth a great deal more than we are charging you, but we make a good "go" on it, and we are letting the people in on our good fortune, and we think that our policy in trying to hold down admission prices within the reach of the masses deserves the support of the people of Hamilton, and we trust that you will materially show your approval by giving us a large share of your patronage. WE ARE TRYING TO HELP YOU. YOU SHOULD IN TURN HELP US.

RIALTO THREE BIG DAYS
TUE. WED. THUR.

Don't Miss This Sheik Play—

**When An Arab Sees A Woman
He Wants—HE TAKES HER**

DON'T MISS—THE ARAB KISS

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT PLAY

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert—This picture is every bit as good as *The Sheik*, in fact my patrons told me that they liked it better. If I had known how good it was I would have advertised it as much as I did *The Sheik* and cleaned up.—Wm. E. Tragsdorf, Trags Theatre, Neillsville, Wis.—Small town patronage.

"Arabian Love." If Fox will send you a good print on this, you can step on this one harder than you did on "Sheik." My patrons told me they liked this one better than "The Sheik," although Gilbert doesn't wear any patch leather hair. Advertising, did not advertise this half enough. Patronage, small town. Attendance, very good. Wm. E. Tragsdorf, Trags Theatre, Neillsville, Wisconsin.

"Arabian Love"—Another Valentino. A good program. Advertising second only to *The Sheik*. Patronage: young. Attendance, fair. L. R. Baryl, Quincy Theatre, Quincy, Mass.—chusetts.

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert—A very good picture at a reasonable rental.—C. Malphurs, Dreamland theatre, High Springs, Fla.—Small town patronage.

"Arabian Love," with John Gilbert — As a desert picture this ranks second only to *The Sheik*. Only got a handful of people out because John Gilbert is unknown here.—C. B. Scott, Fox theatre, New Lisbon, Wis.—Neighborhood patronage.

"Arabian Love." With John Gilbert — Good picture. Will please most everyone.—Harry Van Noy, Starland theatre, Anderson, Ind.—Neighborhood patronage.

Now Comes More Good News—The Admission
Will Be Only

25c

If you will notice the reproduced photograph of the theater you will see in the electrics over the front entrance—Valentino in "All Night." Now if you look closely you will find on the placards posted in the display cases to the right and left of the entrance that Valentino's name is exploited here in large painted letters over and beside the "action" stills of the photoplay.

That isn't all. On page 36 you will find reproduced an ad which was clipped from the city newspaper along with a criticism which reads in part:

"—he was then as now a good-looking young man with poise, gracious manners, and lent to the picture in which he was appearing an unmistakably foreign atmosphere.

"Since 'All Night' was intended to exploit the charms of Miss Myers rather than those of Mr. Valentino, there is little opportunity for him to distinguish himself in an histrionic way in the current picture at the—theater.

"It was a wise gamble on the part of the management to secure a reissue of this attraction, etc."

Take another look at the ad of this theater again. Do you find any mention of a "reissued film" in it? No, of course you don't. What you do find is Valentino's name printed so large that you could read it at some little distance. What is the idea? To attract the attention of the people who hurriedly glance at the theater ads and get them to this particular theater. The management doesn't care much after the money is paid in at the boxoffice window, just what the patrons say. That kind of advertising is bad business and will eventually hurt the business of every palace of amusement. People will lose confidence in the

selling argument of every showman.

If the criticism or "notice" which appeared with ad doesn't convince you that the management of this particular theater misrepresented the production he was offering, then carefully read the reproduction of the ad of the producer on page 36 over the caption of "The Right Way to Advertise." Here, again, you will discover that "All Night" is a revival; that new prints have been made of it; the new accessories for exploiting purposes accompany the film, and that a brand new campaign book has been gotten out by the producer to help the exhibitor. Down at the very bottom of the ad which appeared in a daily trade paper for exhibitors, you will see that the producer tells the prospective showman-buyer to—"See it at your Universal Exchange."

That is the proper and the only way to advertise reissued photoplays. That is real truthful advertising. Every exhibitor is warned

upon the good nature of the theater-going public is in the reissuance of a picture which is now called "The Bootlegger's Daughter" but which was made four and half years ago before bootleggers had any standing in the commercial world; at a time when nearly every corner was decorated with a saloon.

"The Bootlegger's Daughter", as it is now exploited, was Fred Niblo's first screen effort. He went to this certain studio to learn production methods. The producer asked him as a favor to play the part of a preacher in this particular film and he consented. The picture on a whole is not worth the film it is printed on. Mr. Niblo, it is said, vouches for that. Anyway it is an old film and one that should have been thrown in the ashcan long ago.

Carefully read the ad of the distributor which is reproduced on this page. Nothing about an old film in that is there. No doubt if you have seen the billboard adver-

tisements you wondered when Fred Niblo started acting again or when he joined that particular company.

I do not mean to say all exhibitors are selfish grafters, using their intimate knowledge of the film business to flim-flam the persons who patronize their theaters. I have met many theater-owners and managers on my trips of investigation for SCREENLAND who are just as anxious as anyone to put a stop to the

"misrepresentation evil." I have also found many producers who are honestly trying to get to the public better and greater entertainment—trying to establish confidence—who are giving all their old films "the ax."

New York houses another outfit which has purchased 12 old Charlie Chaplin subjects, 81 Mary Pickford photoplays, and over 150 other old
(Continued on page 88)



Another ancient atrocity re-issued. This was made four or five years ago when there was a saloon on every corner and the word "bootlegger" had no particular standing in the commercial world. You will note no hint that this is an old film, re-titled.

what he is getting and he "buys" the subject with his eyes wide open. The conscientious theater manager will take that warning seriously if he has the interest of his patrons at heart. He will use discretion in exploiting the names of the cast and be sure to place in all his advertising the word "revised" or "reissued" in good sized, readable letters.

Another example of how some distributors and exhibitors play

How to Win a Man's Love

*Pointers on the Gentle Art
of Vamping From Those
Who Love Their Art.*

Nita Naldi warns the ingenue against smoking with a man whom she would charm. But the woman of the world may toy with a cigarette.

life, even in our drama. The white-muslined ingenue, waiting for the hero at the vine-wreathed gate, gets the chaste kiss in the final fade-out. But the vampire is the lady who has the "fat part," the big moments in the play. Witness Dona Sol in *Blood and Sand*.

How do they do it, these charmers?

There is a technique in "vamping." It is interesting—and educational—to study the methods by which the famous charmers of the period bring their adorers to their knees.

Gaby Deslys, the petite French actress whose twinkling toes kicked King Manuel off the throne of Portugal, declared the answer was . . . atmosphere! Clothes!

Gaby never permitted herself to be seen in other than the most striking garments. She would not be ordinary. She must never be classed as just a pretty woman! She was *Gaby Deslys*, always the actress, always the charmer!

Perhaps you remember the exotic head-dresses affected by Gaby, the bird-of-Paradise sprays, the jeweled turbans. And the fantastic gowns which displayed to perfection the curves of her beautiful body. Curves were desirable in those days!

Gaby had a lisp, too—so charming—and a complexion like an apple-blossom. But trades-people used to tell the curious that she had the heart of a miser.

CECILE SOREL, the reigning enchantress of the French stage today, says she fascinates men by a studied program of all the arts

TO CHARM MEN is woman's first duty. The thrill, the intoxicating sense of power that comes at the sight of the quickening interest in a man's eyes!

Ah, what mere knowledge of virtue can hope to equal the throb of triumph that comes to her who knows the power of the light that lies in woman's eyes.

The charmer (the ugly phrase of the day is the vampire) queens it over the world.

In history, has it been the virtuous wife, the demure girl-who-would-make-a-good wife-for-some man, whose names are blazoned on the scroll of fame?

Ah no! It is Sappho the singer, Helen with the face that launched a thousand ships, Cleopatra the Cruel Du Barry, Lucrezia of the deadly Borgias . . . all charmers of men. Their white hands have swayed the fates of nations.

It is the same today in every-day

Gaby Deslys, the petite French actress whose twinkling toes kicked King Manuel off the throne of Portugal, said that clothes was the secret of charm. Gaby affected exotic costumes and dresses such as this one,



attributed to the most famous charmers of by-gone days. It takes study as well as innate talent, you see, to be a vampire!

When she wishes to be particularly potent, La Sorel dons *blue*. Blue sets her magnetic vibrations going she asserts. She showers her victim with attentions at dinner—oh, how true it is that the road to a man's heart lies through his stomach!—and favors him with an intriguing smile at rare intervals.

While the Parisian Cecile makes a man comfortable in order to charm him, Geraldine Farrar makes him *uncomfortable* to achieve the same result. She keeps him guessing. She is audacious in a way that compels admiration. But she will not give out the recipe for bringing her victims to the last final abnegation!

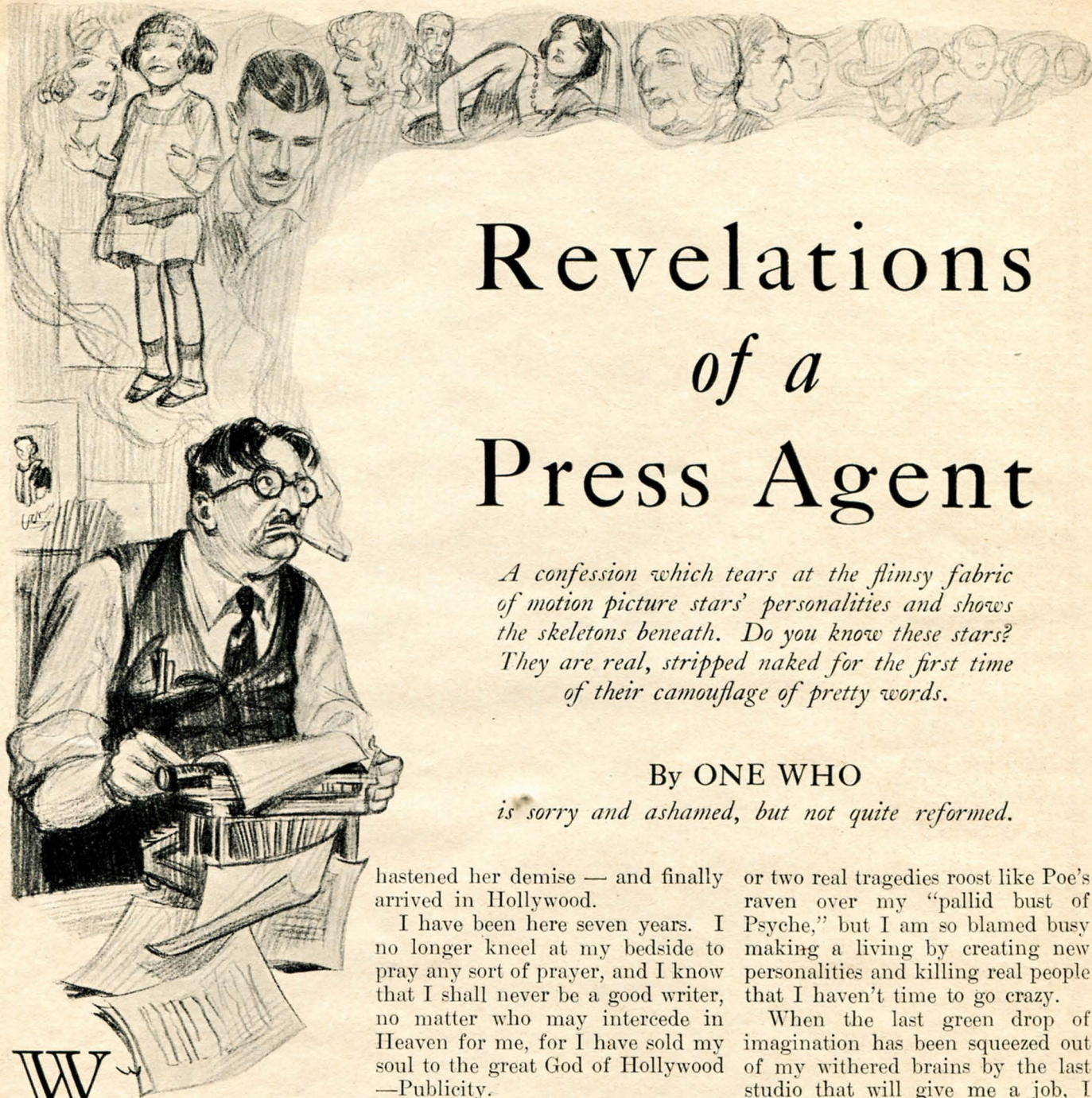
Mary Garden doesn't give a whoop for the popularly supposed aids to charm. She draws them with her forceful, challenging personality, so she says.

(Continued on page 104)

A sleeky black gown with jet earrings do not make a vampire, but they often make her ridiculous, says beautiful Barbara La Marr. When she wishes to feel dignified she wears white. Black drapes her ego in subtlety, while red makes her vivacious.

Ramon Samaniego and Barbara La Marr as Rupert of Hentzau and Antoinette de Mauban in Rex Ingram's "The Prisoner of Zenda."





Revelations of a Press Agent

A confession which tears at the flimsy fabric of motion picture stars' personalities and shows the skeletons beneath. Do you know these stars? They are real, stripped naked for the first time of their camouflage of pretty words.

By ONE WHO
is sorry and ashamed, but not quite reformed.

WHEN I WAS young and callous but not so clever as F. Scott Fitzgerald, I had one absorbing ambition. I wanted to write. Like Merton of the Movies, I knelt at my bedside every night to pray, "Oh, God, make me a good writer, and let me get a job as a writer in Hollywood. Amen."

I grew a mustache, graduated from college with passionate admiration for English literature and a really remarkable record as a theme-writer, inherited five hundred dollars from my grandmother who had no one else to leave the money to—though the fact that it would be spent in Hollywood doubtless

hastened her demise — and finally arrived in Hollywood.

I have been here seven years. I no longer kneel at my bedside to pray any sort of prayer, and I know that I shall never be a good writer, no matter who may intercede in Heaven for me, for I have sold my soul to the great God of Hollywood—Publicity.

I have never been married, for no woman would trust me, the champion liar of Hollywood, but sometimes in my nightmares I am surrounded by my children — strangely all full-grown. They cluster around me, these children of my diseased brain, creatures created to intrigue the interest of an insatiable public. Shadowy shapes of vampires, ingenues, "silver-haired mothers," angelic children inhabit my aura night and day. And tramping along with these shadowy people whom I have created out of nothing are the ghosts of the real personalities I murdered, to make way for my brain creatures. One

or two real tragedies roost like Poe's raven over my "pallid bust of Psyche," but I am so blamed busy making a living by creating new personalities and killing real people that I haven't time to go crazy.

When the last green drop of imagination has been squeezed out of my withered brains by the last studio that will give me a job, I shall have my choice of going crazy and being supported by the state in a beautifully sanitary psychopathic ward; of writing my memoirs to sell to the Sunday Supplements, or of living luxuriously by blackmail. The things I know about the stars, the directors and the producers, who have paid me to keep an innocent public misinformed, should net me a new Rolls-Royce every year, along with a case of real gin—opulence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Because I knew a chap who knew a chap in one of the biggest studios on the coast, I landed in a publicity job within a few weeks. I was hired



For publication, my siren indulged only in exotic dishes with French and Italian names. In reality she adored apfel-kuchen dipped in black coffee, and the pot roast with noodles that her fat mama cooked.



The prize press agent tale of all times unblushingly informed a credulous public that Theda Bara was born within the shadow of the Sphinx. As a matter of cold fact, Theda's stage name is a combination of the two words, Arab and Death and she was born in the shadow of the Cincinnati Pyramids.

at twenty-five dollars a week—good money in those days—to write fiction under the label of truth for the Great American Press. It was my job, along with other imaginative young men, to fool all the people all of the time.

I was given a few rules as to what is good publicity and what is not good publicity. It is never good publicity for a female star to be married; a million adorers would be shocked and kept from proposing in the ten thousand letters which every screen player receives a day—according to her press agent. I was also told that while unfortunately some of the stars

had children as well as dogs, only the dogs made good publicity. Mothers watching over daughters were to be played up, even in instances where mothers had to be hired for the role, but fathers living off daughters' fat salary were to be suppressed.

All ingenues were to be pure and precious and sweet; not a breath of scandal was to blow across their fair young lives—in print. Vampires—and those were the days of the first vampires—were to be cruel, wicked, seductive, mysterious. Their homes were to be kept sacred, except for rare glimpses into black velvet salons. They were not to eat the same things as others eat. I have spent weary hours inventing exotic, colorful names of dishes, searching French and Italian dictionaries for my inspiration, while the vamp herself sat in her golden-oak dining room, dipping German apfelkuchen into black coffee and reading "The Ladies Home Journal," interrupted at times by her fat mama who wanted to know if "daughter" would like pot roast with noodles or wienerwursts with sauerkraut for her dinner.

After memorizing a few rules, I was given an assignment to create a printable personality for a newly signed ingenue, whom I might as well call Betty Beautiful, since her real name was something like Goldie Johnson. Betty Beautiful, whom I helped name as well as create, has since sunk into oblivion. She is now living on memories of the time when her name stood for

everything sweet and pure in pictures, as well as on her fourth husband's princely income as one of Hollywood's most sought-after bootleggers. Her daughter is now in pictures as an extra and her son is in college.

AND a short seven weeks ago I was commissioned to make a Betty Beautiful for the public! She was virgin material, for she had never been in pictures before, coming to the screen from a stock company that had played only in Texas. She was then past thirty, a peroxide blond with deep dimples and china-blue eyes. Although she had two children, she kept her figure as slight and childish as Shirley Mason's. Only her hands were hard to disguise. We always had to use an extra girl for close-ups of Betty Beautiful's hands in the strong, virile clasp of the hero, for Betty's hands showed every year relentlessly.

Betty with her make-up on photographed like a million dollars, of course, or she would never have won her big contract with "World-Wide," and after seeing her first picture in a preview and being told that I was the one to act as her "personal publicity agent," I was as thrilled as any fan that ever pleaded for a pass at a studio door. Betty was resting between her first and second picture, and I was sent out to her house to interview her and to get my publicity campaign lined up. I found her living in a small furnished bungalow, with her second husband and two children by the first. It was a shock from which I have never recovered. Naturally, with one of the "family," she made no pretenses, well knowing that not one line of bad publicity, about which she talked constantly, would get out.

"Now, young fellow," she set me down on a davenport in a nest of base ball bats, balls and masks, screen magazines and hats her daughter was making over, and began to lay the law down to me. "I am thirty-two years old, and I've been married twice, and I've got two children. I'm new to pictures, but I've been playing 'Little Eva'

since you were in long dresses."

She reached down to hitch up a silk stocking whose garter was loose with old age, and thoughtfully regarded a jagged rent in her bun-galow apron. "Now that you've got the low-down on me, forget it, and let's see what we can do. To begin with, I suppose I am not yet eighteen?" There was nothing coy about this—merely a business question. There was no use wasting coyness on a publicity writer, hired to work for her.

"YES," I stammered, looking at the discolored hair, the two false front teeth, the slightly yellowed parchment of her round, babyish face. "Yes, you don't look a day over seventeen—in that first picture."

"Well, then, I am going to celebrate my eighteenth birthday with the preview of my first picture," she decided. "That's a good story for you. We'll play that up strong. I know a woman I can get to pose for my mother—one of the fat, smiling women, you know. She's a perfect old hellion, but she'll screen like a million dollars." How familiar I was to get with that phrase—photograph like a million dollars!

"I think we'd better have something in the first stories about my coming to Hollywood all the way from Australia, because I saw in a magazine that pretty girls were wanted in the movies. Play up my innocence, you know. Then maybe have my mother dying of a broken heart, when I cable her a thousand dollars to come to me on, when I get my contract."

She sat back, her hard blue eyes watching every expression on my callow young face. Suddenly there was an uproar outside and two young hyenas burst into the room—a half grown boy and girl—soiled, tousled, rough, ugly young brutes. They were fighting in a horribly business-like manner, as if they kept constantly at it. The mother jumped up, infuriated by the interruption, tore those two young brutes apart, and before my pained eyes gave them a first class beating—each of them. They went off blubbering, and the little crea-

ture sat down to her interview again as if nothing unusual had happened. It hadn't.

YOU get me, don't you? You see my first crime in the making? I went back to the studio, mooned around a bit and then went out and got most thoroughly drunk. If I had stayed sober, I should probably have taken the night train out of Hollywood and into the pure and simple Middle West. But I did get drunk and I wrote a masterpiece of fiction, creating and naming Betty Beautiful. I gave birth that night to the loveliest ingenue of the screen—limpid-eyed, purer than a lily, for even a lily has a little yellow at its heart; an ingenue who,



Do you recognize these hands? Probably not, because they were the only feature of the star whom we will call Betty Beautiful that betrayed her real age. We always secured an extra with pretty hands to double for Betty in hand-clasp scenes.

on the strength of the inspired publicity which came out of the holocaust of my illusions, became one of the most beloved and idealized "little girls" of the screen. During her reign as one of America's sweethearts, she very quietly got a divorce from her husband, who became slightly peeved when his wife went away for a two weeks' holiday with her leading man, and married the same leading man, who took her on condition that she put the children in boarding schools. When her popularity began to wane, her leading man, who had been living fatly on the ingenue's earnings, divorced her, still without the public getting an inkling because their real names were used, and Betty Beautiful

married the business man who is now such a successful bootlegger.

The life of the press agent is a hectic one at best. He is kept only so long as his imagination holds out. Dozens of publicity men earned their bock beer and sandwiches for writing sweet little human interest yarns about Betty Beautiful and for arranging interviews with blasé young women writers from magazines and newspapers. But I passed on, after a few months, when my stock of adjectives and my fund of ingenue anecdotes began to run dry.

BECAUSE of good work with Betty Beautiful, I stepped into a much softer job with "World-Wide's" most important competitor. The Acme Company was just then beginning to exploit vamps, to compete with Fox's Theda Bara. I was given a nice young school teacher to make into a wicked vampire with an unmentionable—and hence frequently mentioned—past.

I was given *carte blanche*. Anything went, except respectability. She was to be heartless, cruel, cynical, mysterious, subtle. Any "past" which embodied these traits would do nicely. My imagination in those days was in perfect working order. Besides, I happened to fall slightly in love with my subject, who at that time was one of the nicest, most demure girls I have ever known. We got along famously, Polly and I. A general conference at the studio had resulted in her name being changed, of course, and the name then selected became one of the most famous that has ever glowed in electric lights over the rococo entrance to a movie palace.

Polly—for she remained Polly to me—had been born in Boone, Iowa, of very ordinary parents, with a dash of Indian in their ancestry, which probably accounted for the color and fire and mystery which the camera and artful make-up were able to bring out in her face. I changed her birth-place to the African veldt, making her the illegitimate daughter of a French count and a Spanish dancer. That story was really the forerunner of all such bits of fiction, including the choice one which unblushingly told

(Continued on page 95)

His promises
to her

Will he keep them
after the
honeymoon?



Making Hollywood Safe for Matrimony

By ANNE WILLE

BUT JOHN, you promised before we were married that I wouldn't have to ask for money, that you would give me an allowance!"

"I don't care what I promised. I don't believe in a woman having money of her own. A woman doesn't know how to take care of money."

Does that sound familiar, ye married women?

"I don't care what I promised!" So many pre-nuptial promises, made in the first rapturous ecstasy of the betrothal, have died under that edict.

But the doom of the fragile, meant-to-be-broken promise between husband and wife has sounded, and Hollywood film stars with matrimonial troubles of their own are helping to sound it.

They are backing with prayers and plaudits the bill introduced by the National Woman's party, which will make ante-nuptial contracts legal and enforceable by law. And provisos agreed upon during the romantic epoch would be as

How the Marriage Contract Will Insure Domestic Harmony in Filmdom

binding as contracts between business partners.

The possibilities opened up by

this proposed bill are obvious and delectable. One of the terms of the ante-marriage contract might limit the number of location trips the film spouse may take a year. It might determine the exact length of the fade-out kisses to be indulged in. It might even determine the number of nights each week friend husband should remain at home to mind the future son and heir.

Domestic harmony in the film colony should surely be insured by some such arrangement. Though why a movie star should ever feel the need of any domestic life or love interest is one of the most incomprehensible of all the known examples of graft. They are so deluged with it on the screen. One would suppose that love would be the last diversion selected for their leisure.



Screen love scenes mean nothing, they tell us. Probably when Rodolph Valentino takes his lady love into his strong arms in the fade-out clinch, he is thinking of his police dogs . . . and she is counting them.

FANCY Rodolph Valentino desiring any more domestic perquisites than accorded him on the screen by Lila Lee in *Blood and Sand*,

with the Nita Naldi affair on the side. Yet at the very moment the lurid Spanish complication was being recorded by the camera, Rodolph was starring in an undirected triangle that convulsed the nation.

What more could Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy desire of life than has come to them on the screen? Yet off it, they are practicing matrimony . . . respectively. That Leatrice's private practice is with handsome John Gilbert is evidence of love profiteering.

After Conway Tearle had loved Norma Talmadge into a convent and out again, and had rescued Elaine Hammerstein from wrecked airships and prowling panthers, one would have supposed he would take a vacation from romance. Did he take it? Not at all. He went home to his wife. That he has been doing this for years and years and always has a wife available for the purpose is apparent from the fact that he has been married three times.



"Dontcha dare kiss me!" admonishes Will Rogers to all his leading ladies, "My contract with the Missus forbids it."

Pola Negri has had a matrimonial experience off the screen and has been considerably kissed on it. Far from being sated, she is said to be developing a taste for Charlie Chaplin.

Rex Ingram earns a good living

showing others how to make love and then spends the rest of his time in demonstrating his theories with his wife and star, Alice Terry.

So it is obvious that however edifying the love action on the screen is to the observers, there is something lacking to the performers. They do not seem to satisfy. And since the stars insist on the real, old-fashioned brand of home-made romance, the protective device of the iron-bound matrimonial contract is really desirable.

Of course, there are those who say that no contract is needed; that the love scenes on the screen are so purely impersonal that no safeguards are called for. These persons may say that when Pola Negri catapults herself against the chest of the person playing opposite, she has no other thought than the scenic effect, and that the chest is concerned only with bracing itself for the conflict. Or that when Walter Long chases a lady around

(Continued on page 102)



The wise wife knows how to make her screen star husband distinguish between love on the set and in the home. Mrs. Buster Keaton sees to it that Buster goes fasting to his love scenes; hunger has been known to chasten a man under temptation when a sense of duty failed.



The fattest girl in the movies says her career is dotted with smashed furniture. Her friends love her but they have learned not to invite her to their homes; after a single experience, they entertain her out in the park where she can sit on the grass.

HOW WOULD you like to be Kate Price, "the fattest girl in the movies?"

The title certainly has its advantages. Kate Price can walk right into the casting director's private office—if the doorway is wide enough—and sign her name on the dotted line of a fat contract, while the pulchritudinous quintessence of Keokuk, Twin Falls and the rest of the world waits wearily outside.

Hollywood, studded like the skies with stars in embryo, is sated with beauty. Kate, unblessed with pul-

chritude, but a perfect 56, shines the brighter by contrast.

Smiling casting directors and ample salaries are goodly things. But there are other sides to this business of being the fattest girl in the movies that are not so rosy-hued. But let Kate herself tell it, in her straight-from-the-ould-sod brogue that is nearly as broad as Kate herself:

"Oi'm the fall guy, or rather the fall goil," says she with her blue eyes a-twinkling. "Tis me that falls outa windows and off ladders and

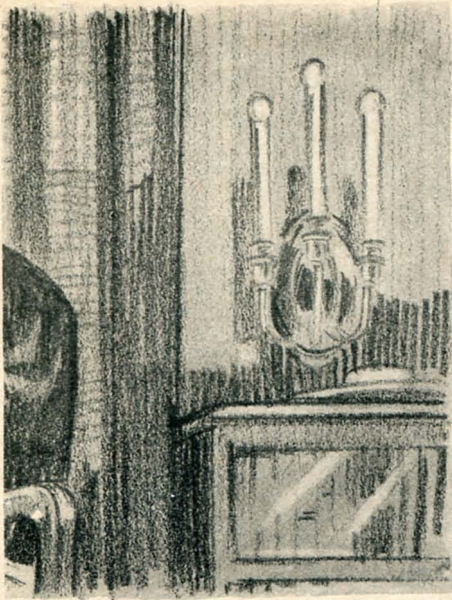
chairs for your amusement. Oi'm always good for a laugh when the hero beans me. Sometimes, though, it's divil a bit of a laugh *he* gets out of it, whin I come back at him with me good and ready right. Then 'tis me that gets the laugh, whilst they car-r-rt him off to the undertakers."

IT'S A MONOTONOUS day when no chairs collapse under Kate's bulk. She has learned to carry her own especially constructed and re-in-

The Fattest Girl in the Movies

*The Joys and Sorrows
of a Perfect 56
as told to*

MYRTLE GEBHART



forced chair around with her to the studios. The other day at Metro's, where she is playing with Viola Dana in *Her Fatal Millions*, her chair turned up missing. (It later developed that some kids were using it, turned upside down, for a tent.) Viola hastened to offer her her own pet camp-chair.

KATE looked commiseratingly at the chair, which is about as big as its owner, who is acknowledged to be about the size of a pint of cider; small but potent. She shook her head. But Allan Forrest came to the rescue, drew his chair close beside Vi's and said, with a flourish, "Take our chairs, Katie, take our chairs." Katie did, after removing the arms. Result: more kindling wood for the studio salvagers to haul home.

Kate says her career is dotted with smashed furniture. Her friends love her, but they won't invite her to their homes; they entertain her out in the parks, where she can sit on park benches, or safer yet, on the grass. Once, a floor fell beneath her—set, furniture and all crumpling to debris when she essayed a gingerly step upon it.

"Sure, and I'm all the time black and blue from the falls I'm takin'," Katie wailed. "There's three times as much of me to get bruised as there is on the regular gurl. And whin I fall, I fall hard, with all me weight to push me down. And thin they have to call in the whole

bunch of studio carpenters and a block an' tackle to hoist me to me feet again."

"Do you ever try to reduce?" Katie was asked.

"Diet?" she eyed me amazedly.

"Eat, you should be saying. Should Oi take the money from me very pocket-book by trying to get thin?"

Katie is about the only girl on the screen who eats what she chooses. Actresses who find life a

Kate Price is about the only screen actress who can eat what she chooses. Every added pound means a raise in salary. Film stars on diet turn green with envy when they see Katie order a light lunch of cream puffs, hot chocolate with whipped cream and a chocolate soda.



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

constant struggle to keep from getting "plump," eye Katie with bitter envy when she absorbs cream puffs, ice cream sodas, hot chocolate with big dabs of whipped cream . . . anything that she fancies she eats. Every added pound means a raise in salary for Katie.

Remembering the old saying that "nobody loves a fat man," I asked Katie whether it held good for the opposite sex.

"Oi should say not," said Katie. "Oi've lots of friends. Everybody's so nice to me; they wait on me and bring me things . . ."

"Sure," interrupted her brother, who is a slim chap whom Kate can tuck under her arm, "they have to. If they didn't Kate might crown 'em. We obey her slightest wish around her."

"Wurrah, and you're the divil's hind hoof," chided Katie. "Go way and let me talk to the lady about me clothes. I make 'em all myself, and say, does it cost? For you, now, two yards for a dress maybe. For me seven yards."

SOME of the studios furnish costumes for their actresses, but never for Katie. They never have anything that will go round her. As for buying anything ready-made in the shops, not even the "stylish stout" gowns will even approach her size.

Kate Price weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Her waist is 48 and her bust a delicate 56. Her arm, at the elbow, is a mere 13½ inches in circumference, and her wrist measures 7 inches. Her hips I did not measure, for the simple reason that the tape-line had its limit and there wasn't another procurable to hitch on to it. Besides, I couldn't reach that far.

Once Katie went horse-back riding. Just once.

It was while she was doing *Arizona*, with Douglas Fairbanks. The horse didn't seem overly-pleased when Katie was lifted on,

but he was a sturdy mustang and shot off at a brave gallop, with Katie clinging lovingly around his neck. The company drove alongside in automobiles and tried to stop the horse. But the horse re-

sulted in Heaven, but I didn't know you were personally acquainted with all of them!"

That one try at equestrianism was plenty for Katie. She even broke a fire-escape once. Now she trusts only the ground, or a concrete floor.

KATIE was not always fat. Indeed, she says she was a scrawny young 'un back in County Cork. She was married at eighteen, three years after she began her theatrical career, and she immediately began to take on weight.

They had been planning to make Katie a star, but when she began to "flesh up," they put her into character parts, and she has been doing character parts ever since.

One reason for Kate's great popularity at the studios is that nobody needs to envy her. Because they are not consumed with the ever-present fear that she may take their places in the ever-changing star roster, they can safely like and trust her.

Then, too, she's a fine person to have around on location. Out on the desert, if a sand storm happens along, the sand billows just look at Katie and change their itinerary.

In the studio, she often comes to the aid of the perspiring "prop" men, and shifts grand pianos with a mere twist of the wrist. This "Powerful Katrinka" of the films hoists guy ropes and moves furniture that others can't budge. She seldom takes sides in an argument . . . but when she does the argument fades gently away.

Being fat earns you a lot of money, but not so terribly much fun, says Katie. She can't ride, because the average horse just naturally collapses under her and she is prejudiced against horses,

anyway. She can't play tennis, for perfectly obvious reasons. Walking is more pain than pleasure, because carrying around 250 pounds of weight on two number sevens is

(Continued on page 92)



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

Katie says she was a scrawny young 'un' back in County Cork. But now she tips the scales at 250 and it takes seven yards of cloth to make her a tailored suit.

fused to stop to argue the matter.

"So Oi motioned them back," recounted Katie, "howled to the saints to protect me, and dived off. When Oi came to, Doug said, 'Well Katie, I knew there was lots of



Posed by Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady.

PHOTO BY CHESTER GRAVES

Encouraging the Extra

AN EXTRA MAN from a Hollywood studio waved aloft a check for \$7.50, the price of a day's work. "A bargain!" he cried. "Who wants this \$7.50 check for only \$6.90?"

Nobody bid. It sounded like a clear profit of sixty cents for someone. Why, then, the raucous laughter of the other extras?

An extra gets \$7.50 a day at the best studios. Usually he gets his job through the Service Bureau and one or two other film employment agencies. He has to pay a fee of fifty cents for every day's work. The check given him at most studios is redeemable only at the employment agency. Twenty cents carfare must

be spent to cash the check, for the agency is located not in Hollywood, but in Los Angeles, eleven miles away. Checks are never cashed before three in the afternoon, thus wasting a whole day for the extra.

Figure it up for yourself. Fifty cents plus twenty cents plus a wasted working day, subtracted from \$7.50. The extra who would have sold his \$7.50 check for \$6.90 would have made money on the sale.

Which naturally raises the question: Why is a Service Bureau?

Why do the studios discriminate in favor of one or two employment agencies?

Why do they pay extras in checks redeemable only at these agencies,

whether the extra obtained the job through them or not?

THE HAL ROACH studio is one of the few organizations which realizes the injustice of the system. They use the same extras over and over again. Except where mob scenes require a great number of extras, they are hired direct and are paid direct. The result is that members of this studio are like one big family; they work together with a harmony and loyalty that is delightful.

If the studios cannot take the time to hire and pay their extra people, why do they not solve the problem
(Continued on page 99)



PHOTO BY EVANS

Mary Pickford is standing at the crossroads, hesitating over the step which will lead to the heights of dramatic achievement or to the level plains of mediocrity.

Four on the Mountain

By ANNE AUSTIN

FOUR GREAT ARTISTS stand in the peculiar position of having more greatness thrust upon them—or of losing out altogether.

These four stand alone in the cold, unfriendly wind that sweeps about the mountain called Fame. The searchlights of public opinion are forever turned upon them, watching with unrelenting, all-seeing eyes the paths they take.

These four — three men and a woman—were pioneers in pictures. They are all actor-producers now. Their future is entirely in their own hands. They are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and Charles Ray.

If you are not willing to let Charles Ray's name go into the list, wait until you see "The Girl I Love." You will gladly give him recognition then.

The first to arrive on the mountain was Mary Pickford. She has valiantly held her place. Will she continue to hold it? She is now standing at the crossroads. One road leads down a winding, deceptive path that seems to lead upward—at least not abruptly downhill—but in reality will take her to the foot of the mountain and either into the Dead Sea of Oblivion or into the flat, green meadows of mediocrity.

The other road leads upward. Mary has stood by these crossroads for at least two years, considering, taking a hesitant step forward and then one backward.

WHEN MARY PICKFORD announced that she was to do *Faust*, taking the role of *Marguerite*, the entire motion picture world gasped and conjectured—and shook its head. Yet *Faust* may be a big stride up the mountain for Mary. If it isn't, it may tumble her headlong into the Dead Sea. To do *Faust* well, the male role must be the preeminent one. Mephis-

FOUR great stars have fought their way to fame. After years of success and plaudits they have come suddenly face to face with the fact that the public is tiring. They can no longer go on as they have been going, in the same old roles. They must strike out into new fields—or give way to new faces, new types. Are they doing it?

topheles is the big part. If Mary over emphasizes the *Marguerite* role and under-casts *Mephistopheles* she may have a Mary Pickford vehicle, but she will not have *Faust*. There is an important part of the public which will quarrel with any drastic liberties that Mary may take with *Faust*. Again, if she makes it a Mary Pickford vehicle, regardless of proportion and tradition, she will not have a Mary Pickford play which will appeal to the rest of the public—the public which does not know anything about Gounod's *Faust* or anyone's *Faust*, for that matter, but does know a great deal and cares a great deal about Mary Pickford.

Mary herself says she doesn't know whether this is a "turning point in her career" or not. She believes, in spite of the great brain which is hidden away under the golden curls, that she can hesitate indefinitely at the crossroads on the mountain.

"This does not mean that I am going to give up little girl roles," Mary said to the writer, when asked her plans for the future, in the light of her *Faust* announcement. "I shall do my pictures one at a time, choosing the story I believe will be a success, regardless of whether the lead is a little girl or a grown-up young lady."

"Will you go in for emotional acting?" Mary was asked.

"I haven't the physique or the temperament to play big tragedies," Mary answered.

And yet she is going to do *Faust*!

MARY acknowledges that since she became a producer and actress combined she has made some mistakes.

"In the past I have listened to the advice of others and have been misled. I made my biggest mistake when I did *The Love Light*. The public did not like to think of me as the deceived wife of a German soldier, the mother of a baby."

"What about 'Little Lord Fauntleroy'?"

"That was a mistake, too. Yet doing the picture at all, I had to be the child. The public would not have stood for my being the mother and a real child—not even Jackie Coogan—for my son. I had to be Cedric or not do the picture."

In admitting that *Suds* is her greatest piece of acting, after *Stella Maris*, Mary says: "I had a great picture there, but I compromised. Against my better judgment I allowed too much slapstick to be dragged in."

So, admitting that she has been led into making mistakes in the past, standing as she does at the crossroads, Mary still does not see her future clearly.

She must solve the problem for herself. Her friends are willing to give her advice. This is what Charles Ray, one of her devoted friends and admirers, says of her: "The public has been ready for Mary to make the leap a long time. They don't like her curls as well as she thinks they do. They would like to see her curls on top of her head, and her genius turned to bigger roles."

Mary is twenty-eight years old now. She says she will play little

girl parts as long as she can. How long will that be? And when she changes over, will she have the genius in the bigger roles that she has shown in the plays that have made her famous? We believe she will! Come on up, Mary, with Doug and the two Charlies.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS stood at the foot of the mountain three years ago. He looked up, liked the scenery, and decided to climb. It took great courage for him to make *The Mark of Zorro*—a costume picture, when exhibitors would have told you that nobody wanted costume pictures, even if the admission were free! It took a great deal of money to make that picture; Doug was producing independently, and releasing through United Artists, the organization to which he still belongs, along with Mary, Chaplin and Charles Ray.

The Mark of Zorro is still considered by many to be Fairbanks' greatest achievement. But he is still climbing. *The Three Musketeers* was a marvelous achievement, a great leap up the sheer height of the mountain. With *Robin Hood* it seems that he has sprung to the crest. But of course there are always new heights for a Fairbanks to scale. His pirate picture may take him up another ascent, or it may be the stone on which he will slip down a little distance — lost ground that will be infinitely hard to regain. But he must go forward or backward; the public will not permit him to stay on the same spot very long. If he does another picture just as good as *Robin Hood*, the public will believe it is not quite so good; hence it must be a little better than *Robin Hood* to rank with it; it must be a great deal better in order to appear at all better. It seems monstrously unfair, but that appears to be the destiny of these mountain-climbers.

Charles Chaplin doesn't seem to be bothered by the fact that he is slipping down the mountain-side, or that Harold Lloyd, an entirely different sort of comedian, is scaling the mountain from the other side and will soon be equi-



PHOTO BY SPURR

THE MARK OF ZORRO marks Douglas Fairbanks' transition from program pictures to features requiring superb characterization.

distant from the top. When Harold Lloyd attains his own company, his own financial backing, can secure his own director and choose his own stories, Lloyd will bound up that mountain-side like a gay young gazelle. He has practically all these advantages now, with a few strings tied to them, but when he becomes an independent producer he will rise like a released balloon, to mix metaphors hopelessly.

CHAPLIN skyrocketed to within a few feet of the mountain top with his wonderful stroke of genius, *The Kid*. Then he was tired and rested a long time. He had a contract to make eight pictures. He has taken about four years to finish that contract. The eight pictures are made now, and not a one of them measures up to *Shoulder Arms* or *The Kid*.

Is Chaplin permanently weary of the heights? Is he willing for Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton to be the most talked of comedians in America, where once comedy and Charles Chaplin were synonymous? If so, he is getting his wish—and his rest. It is said that Chaplin will

produce on his own now, without contract, selling his completed pictures as he wants to make them. He may stage a glorious comeback. There is yet time, but not too much time. And after all, Chaplin is our supreme pantomimist. It would be a great pity for Chaplin to choose the plunge into oblivion, through sheer inanition.

THE STORY of Charles Ray would make a wonderful subject for a Horatio Alger of the motion pictures—a regular “rags to riches” story. Charles Ray entered pictures ten years ago, after a short and hectic career of barnstorming. His fairly recent picture, “*The Barnstormer*,” was largely autobiographic. As a boy in school Ray was a poor student, he says, for he was always dreaming of the stage. He saw himself as Romeo, Macbeth and Othello. He refused college and went away with a theatrical troupe, as a prop boy. He got a bit here and a small part there, when no one else was available, until he had grabbed off a good deal of experience. He is grateful for that training in stock and barnstorming.

Then he went with Ince. Everyone knows the rest. He was the great discovery, the “most promising young actor on the screen”—he “stole” the picture and established himself as a personality. Chosen to support Frank Keenan in *The Coward*.—Then when his contract with Ince, at a ridiculously low salary, was concluded, he went into independent production.

Everyone predicted failure for the brash young fellow, who certainly had developed the swell head with a little success. If he knew which side his bread was buttered on, he'd stay with Ince, who had made him, etc., etc.

At first it seemed as if they were all good if not pleasant prophets. He went eighty thousand dollars into debt. He became so worried that he didn't care much what happened. During this period he got the reputation which still clings of being “up-stage,” because he did not beam with pleasure when visitors interrupted him on the set and demanded his presence in the

reception room. Every minute—at about eight dollars of expense a minute—counted, for Ray was spending more and more of borrowed capital, and couldn't be sure he wouldn't wake up a bankrupt any morning. He admits that he may have shown some slight impatience with curious visitors, who had no more serious business with him than to gaze upon his features and ask him if he really felt like a country boy.

Then success began to come, slowly. *The Ole Swimmin' Hole* marked the turning point in his career—not his career on the mountain, but it told him that he would be permitted to try to make the ascent. He would not be a failure. *The Ole Swimmin' Hole* was perfect of its kind. Then came, after an unimportant picture or two, *The Tailor-Made Man*.

In many ways, *The Tailor-Made Man* is a success. It is proving itself a money-maker, which from a struggling young actor-producer's standpoint is very important. It is pretentious, and as such paves the way for big pictures, expensive pictures. It cost about \$300,000. The story, bought from Mary Pickford, cost \$75,000. Ray says of this story:

"I bought *The Tailor-Made Man* because it had been widely advertised and played on every stage. I knew it was a good stage play. But when I got home with it and sat down to read it I give you my word I turned sick. If I could have reneged on my bargain, I would have done so. I couldn't see myself in the role at all. But I went through with it, making a pretentious production of it, and while it is not a great picture, it is enjoying a real and substantial popularity. I had to make some money, and I did."

When *The Tailor-Made Man* was safely launched, Ray set about making *The Girl I Love*. It was a work of love, a consummation of ten years of work and ambition, according to Ray.

By the time this appears *The Girl I Love* will be motion picture history. It will undoubtedly be a great success, for it is a great picture. It is not the greatest picture ever produced, but it is Ray's best

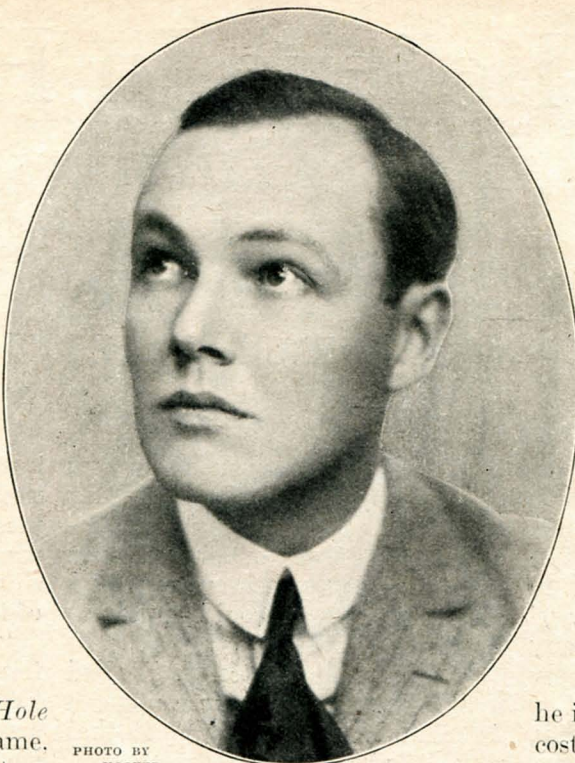


PHOTO BY
HOOVER

"*The Girl I Love*" has won for Charles Ray his position upon the mountain peaks, and marks the end of his country boy roles.

picture, and that is saying a good deal. Among the great pictures of all times, it will stand almost on a level with *Broken Blossoms* for poignancy of appeal and simplicity of conception.

But whether the public likes *The Girl I Love* or not, Charles Ray likes it and is happy that he has done it.

"It is the perfect example of my 'country boy' characterizations, the product of ten years of portraying that sort of role. But it is the last country boy picture."

That is Charles Ray's declaration of war with the public. The public believes that Charles Ray can do nothing but country boys well. He believes he can. To prove it, he is working on a great, spectacular costume drama, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. It will cost a great deal of money, more than *The Tailor-Made Man*, and will be Ray's
(Continued on page 92)



PHOTO BY HOOVER

Charles Chaplin doesn't seem to be bothered by the fact that he is slipping down the mountainside of fame, while Harold Lloyd is scaling the heights from the other side. It would be a pity for the great comedian to slip into oblivion, through sheer inaction.

Do You Believe In Hunches?

*The Screen Stars Play Hunches the Same as the Rest of Us.
They Cross Their Fingers When They Ridicule
Hunches in This Article*

By GENERVRA HOWES

PRIZE-FIGHTERS are superstitious, Heaven knows; and Southern darkies could scarcely be called fatalists, by any stretch of the imagination. But when it comes to pure unalloyed faith in "hunches," the motion picture actor has any other credulous class or cult simply backed off the boards.

A hunch is as sacred as pay-day, and no more to be ignored. Playing a hunch saved ZaSu Pitts a painful accident and perhaps her life.

"I was riding on the L train in Chicago with a girl friend," explained ZaSu. "When we were half-way down I suddenly had a hunch to leave that train. I can't explain it, but I suddenly knew that I should not stay where I was. Without a by-your-leave I jumped off at the next station. My girl friend stayed. Fifty minutes after I got off, the train was wrecked, and my poor friend was carted off to the hospital."

Talking about ZaSu naturally and logically leads to Tom Gallery (ZaSu's husband). Tom had a strong hunch that his little baby was going to be a boy and prevailed upon ZaSu to prepare pink clothes for the new arrival. His hunch failed for once, though, for the new baby turned out to be a fat little girl.

ERIC VON STROHEIM also claims that he owes the fact that he is alive today to a hunch, a hunch that he stuck to though it caused him to be called "yellow" by some of his associates.

It was during the filming of *The Hearts of Humanity*, a few year's ago. In one of the scenes a shell was to strike a building and completely wreck it. Von Stroheim

in the role of a German officer, was supposed to be hit by a falling beam. The director and staff arranged in minutest detail just where and how Von Stroheim was to stand so that the beam would appear to knock him down.

Von Stroheim protested. He had a premonition, in Americanese, a *hunch*, that if he played it that way, he would be killed.

The company argued and expostulated; they even intimidated broadly that he had a large streak of ochre in him. Von Stroheim played his hunch and insisted that they use a dummy. At last, unwillingly, a dummy was used, the scene arranged, the shell exploded . . . and presto! the beam fell and completely demolished the dummy. The measurements and plans and calculations were wrong. Had Von Stroheim ignored his hunch, he would have departed this life with undue celerity.

BULL MONTANA invokes a hunch with all the fire of his Italian blood. When he gets one, he takes it right down to Tiajuana and shoots his wad on the ponies. Getting a hunch puts money in Bull's pockets sometimes . . . and then again it takes it out. But let the Bool tell his latest hunch:

"At Tanksgeeving Day I had what you call a 'hunch,' oh such a grand beeg hunch that the black horse would ween. The oder horses . . . bah! all dogs! So I put my monee on the black horse, twentee to one, and the black horse, he come down the stretch and ween by half a length!"

What we slangily call a hunch is often born of a deep desire and is developed by applied thinking. Sometimes a hunch is merely

intuition, that strange sixth sense that women have. Gloria Swanson uses hunches or intuition, call it what you will, to interpret dramatic situations, even against the advice of her director, Sam Wood.

"I'd bank on a woman's intuition every time," says Sam Wood. "When Gloria intuitively interprets a scene for me, even though it may be directly opposed to my conception of what the logical action should be in that scene, I urge her to act on her hunch."

"For instance, in shooting *The Impossible Mrs. Bellow*, Gloria poses as a partially draped statue in order to turn her lover against her. Gloria and Monte Katterjohn, the scenario writer, and I had discussed this scene and mapped out the action. Without any warning, Gloria introduced several comedy stunts when she posed as the statue. 'I had a hunch', she said. 'If I had just posed as the partially draped statue, it would not have appealed to the more refined sensibilities of my audience. By introducing the little comedy touches, it broke the tenseness of the scene'."

VIOLA DANA believes in hunches . . . ever since she got the repair bill from the garage that fixed her new Cadillac speedster. A big bunch of important visitors from the East were visiting the Metro studio. Viola came breezing out in her usual vivacious manner and, as she stepped into her gorgeous new car, remarked, "You know, I have a hunch something is going to happen to my car."

Was it the hunch or merely the exuberance generated by the admiring gaze of her important admirers that made her forget to release her

*These
Fair
Ladies*

*Have
Faith In
Hunches*



Gloria Swanson



Agnes Ayres



Marie Prevost



Viola Dana

brakes? Result: a burned-out brake band and lining and locked wheels.

After her grand entrance, poor Vi had to see her beautiful new toy towed away to the garage, because she had a hunch and didn't heed it!

HUNCHES do not keep union hours, according to June Mathis, probably the best known woman scenarist in pictures. Miss Mathis acts on hunches, even in the wee, small hours of the morning. But when a gorgeous idea comes, Miss Mathis doesn't jump out into the cold to jot it down, like many writers. She snuggles deeper under the covers and ponders the idea, letting it grow and develop. Later in the day she puts the idea on paper, for you and me to enjoy in the darkened theatre later.

One specific hunch is related by Miss Mathis:

"When I was in New York on my last trip, I had a most difficult time trying to find books containing information about the costumes of the times as for *Ben Hur*.

Tom
Gallery
believes in
hunches.



I had searched and researched without success and was at my wits' ends. I was walking down the street, and suddenly, apparently without any control over my mind or body, I turned into Brentano's a large book company on Fifth Avenue. As though led by an unseen force, I walked to a certain counter and asked to examine some old Bibles on the shelf. They were

Bibles printed on Dutch copper plate in 1771. I told the clerk that those books were illustrated; how I knew, I cannot say. The clerk said they were not illustrated, but on opening them I found they were, containing illustrations of the very costumes I was searching for."

Marie Prevost waxed facetious when asked about her belief in hunches, and the answer she gave was no

doubt true: "When I was doing bathing-girl stuff in the Mack Sennett comedies, every time I was called for a bathing scene, I had a hunch that I was going to get my feet wet. And every time I did!"

REID MEMORIAL

WALLACE REID'S monument will be a sanatorium for the cure of the drug evil, it has been announced by his widow, Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, after completion of plans of a propaganda film, to be made at the Ince studios, in which Mrs. Reid will play. The proceeds will be devoted to the sanatorium.

"I have been receiving telegrams urging me to do this from club women and women's organizations," said Mrs. Reid. "We will start work on the film immediately."

The sanatorium will be located near Los Angeles. C. Gardner Sullivan will write the scenario for the picture.

"Please make it plain there is no commercial interest involved in this picture," said Mrs. Reid. "The entire funds will go to the Wallace Reid Memorial sanatorium. No

individual will profit from the film in any way."

Club women in Los Angeles have promised their coöperation.

"We have talked things over with the biggest men in the film industry," said Mrs. Reid, "and we are assured of their coöperation also. The picture will be intended to teach a great moral lesson."

Wallace Reid died after months of fighting to regain his health, shattered by the drug and liquor habits.

Mr. Ince, who is to produce Mrs. Wallace Reid's "dope" picture, announces through his press agent that the production will have its premiere in Chicago.

Universal, with its huge picture-making facilities in California, has purchased a picture for release. In six years this has never happened before. So "Driven," by Charles Brabin, must be a remarkably good production.

Harold Lloyd announces that Mildred Davis will retire from the screen after she has become Mrs. Lloyd.

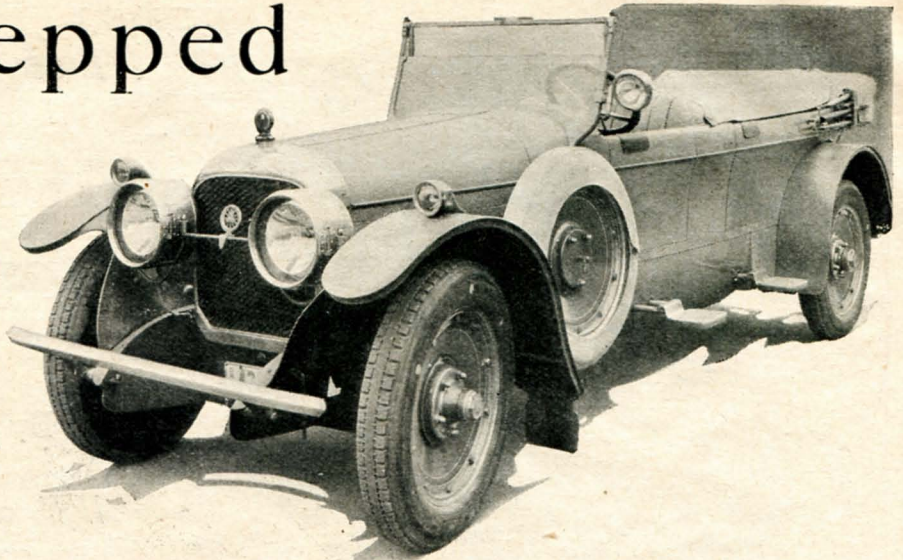
It is estimated that 15,000,000 persons visit the motion-picture theaters daily in the United States—more than in all the other countries of the world combined.

After eight weeks of unusually hard work on her new picture, "Slander the Woman," Dorothy Phillips is now resting at her home in Hollywood. It is said she spent long hours in snowdrifts waist high and tramped miles through ice covered underbrush, while out on location. Now she believes she has earned a short rest.

Mr. Lasky has announced that Rob Wagner, humorist, author of numerous stories based on studio life, artist, and for the past year a member of the titling department at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood, is to become a Paramount director.

They Stepped on the Gas

Wherefore Certain Popular Men-About-Town of Hollywood Say "Good-Morning Judge" in Speeders Court.



66 **G**OOD morning, Judge!" Thus are some of our most popular young men-about-Hollywood greeting, more or less cordially, one Police Judge Joseph F. Chambers, sultan of the Los Angeles speeders' court. The responses made by Judge Chambers are equally terse and even less cordial. In fact, his remarks are confined to sentences . . . sentences like "Thirty days!" Wherefore, if perchance you wend your way to any one of several Hollywood studios and ask for

a certain film star, the answer is very likely to be "On location."

True. But wait till you hear which location.

It seems rather crude to call it a jail. Let us rather say that our friends are taking a course—an intensive course—in the new school of Histrionic Repression, the faculty of which is distinguished from the staffs of less arresting institutions by khaki-hued uniforms and high-powered motorcycles.

AS TEACHERS of acting, Judge Chambers and his aides are masterly. They believe that restraint is the first essential of genius; and they are going to teach their proteges restraint if it takes every sentence in stock to do it. That is why several big pictures are being held up for a few days, while various screen celebrities listen to lectures on "How Not to Play on the Foot Throttle Without Notes," or "The Importance of Pedal Repression."

The spirit of democracy prevails in this new seminary of the arts. Film stars whose salary aggregates thousands of dollars a year bunk side by side with the great unwashed. There has been no foolish extravagances in decorating the dormitory. In fact, its lines might be called severely chaste. Windows are scarce, in order that the students may not catch cold and also, it may be, to remove from the novices the worldly temptations that so distract from introspection.

Cots take the place of luxury-breeding feather beds, and often

come in tiers, so that the occupants may not lack company. The dormitories are playfully called tanks, adding to the picturesque charm of the place.

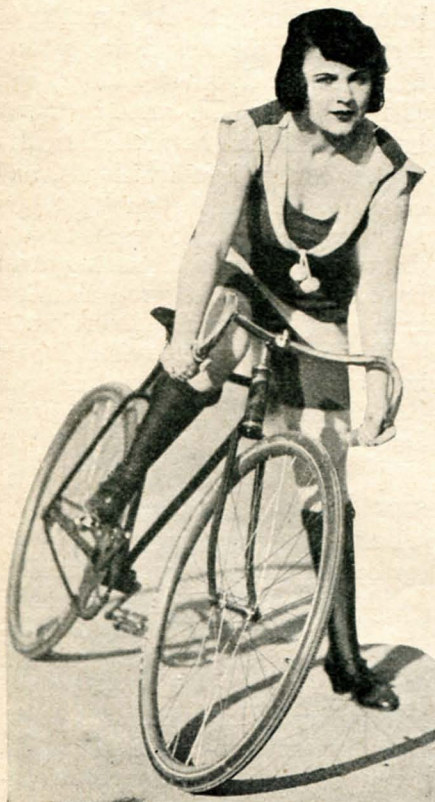
Meals, too, are laudably simple. Beans, coffee and a thick hunk of bread form a favorite menu for breakfast, while for lunch and evening dinner the bill-of-fare is attractively alternated by bread, coffee and beans.

PHYSICAL exercise follows the early rising practiced by the students. Many an embryo Fairbanks is developing his muscles under an expert system of callousthénics (*okeh*), with a mop, pail and broom as the principal instruments. And no invidious discriminations are made. A beautiful actress who scorched the asphalt on her way to the studio has just as fine a chance of expanding her personality with a scrub brush on the seminary floor as has the tawdriest shoplifter.

To attack the garden weed, to slink intrepidly along the trail of the slug and to stop at nothing, not even the fearsome and odorous barns and stables, is the daily experience of these dramatic students. They have become crack knife-men in the commissary department, peeling a potating unerringly at three paces.

Edythe Sterling, of the California film colony, was one of those to receive the benefits of this extraordinary institution. Edythe became eligible by running her

(Continued on page 94)





Wild Interviewers I Have Met

By MAE BUSCH

*Who wields a mean pen as
well as a lip-stick.*

WHEN SCREENLAND inaugurated its series of *Confessions of Star Interviewers*, every gal interviewer in Hollywood sharpened up her pencil to a cutting point, the while chortling with ghoulish glee. Here was where she could get even for the time Gloria Swanson failed to recognize her in the Coconut Grove! And that time, at Viola Dana's party, Bert Lytell didn't ask her to dance once! Heh! Heh! Ree-e-venge!

To let the gal interviewer tell it, gray matter is what an actress has everything else but. And the way we "stage" interviews . . . and rave about the contracts we're "considering" . . . and quote Freud . . . and put on dog generally!

You know! The gal interviewer told you all about it. Some of it was even true.

Now I'm going to go the gal interviewer one better and tell what I honestly think about the interviewers. And I'm going to sign my name to it, let the chips fall where they may.

THERE ARE three kinds of interviewers.

The first kind sits down in front of you, fixes you with a chilling eye and says, in effect, "Now talk, darn you talk!" Result, naturally, is mental paralysis on the part of the star. You rack your brain frantically and can't think of a single thing to talk about except the weather.

The second brand of interviewer comes to you with her story already prepared, and proceeds to insert the desired words into your mouth. If you happen to hold just the opposite views, and state said views freely and, definitely, why, she simply writes the story as she had it laid out in the first place, anyway.

The third kind of interviewer is the nicest kind, in my opinion. She (or he) just comes calling and talks about things of real and vital import, such as who was that tall, handsome chap you were dancing with at the Plantation last night, and is Charlie Chaplin really going to marry Pola, and that's a dream of a hat, my dear, where did you get it, and wasn't So-an-So a fright in that jade tulle, the woman certainly gets away with murder.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS is a shining example of the last kind. She is what I call a painless interviewer. The patient never knows she is under the scalpel at all. And she has such a happy knack of getting below the surface, has Adela. I'm exceedingly proud of my friendship with her, by the way. She is one of about six persons whom I can truly call my friends.

Edwin Schallert is a good guy, but he kept me waiting a whole hour one night. The next time he asks to interview me, I shall make him wait *two* hours. Only I'm afraid he wouldn't wait, darn it.

Coming late to interview appointments is a trick of the seasoned reporter, anyway. The novice usually comes fifteen minutes early . . . and is just as liable as not to find her gorgeous being still in curl-papers.

THE MOST satirical interviewer I know is Herbert Howe. But he wrote the best interview I ever had . . . and I didn't even know I was being interviewed. As a matter of fact, neither did he. I was getting a bite to eat down at Franks, and Herb saw me. He came in to say howdy, and then he walked back to the apartment house with me, and came up to smoke a cigarette. When he went on home, some of the things we had been discussing came back to him and he wrote them up in a perfectly peachy interview.

The next best interview I ever had carried the caption, "She's a Nut, But I Like Her." Adela St. John wrote it.

THE VERY worst interview of my career was one that never took place. I didn't even recognize the name of the man who wrote it. He described me as "perching, like a sprightly angel about to flit away into space, on the arm of a great, friendly arm-chair." He kept me perching there all through the interview. Made me sick.

It always tickles me to read about how the interviewers put clever remarks into the mouths of the poor dumb-bell stars who think Camembert is a Caruso record. But I notice that when it comes to recording sprightly repartee, the interviewers never give themselves any the worst of it.

There are certain stereotyped questions that come up in almost every interview. I believe every star or near-star has been asked at some time "if marriage and a career will mix." Of course, the answer to that depends entirely on whether or not the star is living with his or her mate at that time. If the interviewee's husband had groused about the toast being too hard for breakfast that morning, probably a waiting world quivered to hear that matrimonial bonds were fatal to one's Art.

ANOTHER dear old favorite always asked by interviewers is this: which role portrayed by you during your screen career do you consider most worth while? Well, there are two regulation answers to that. If you happen to have made a big splash in a picture and have never quite repeated since, naturally that role was most "worth while." Betty Compson, for instance, always says *Rose* in *The Miracle Man* was her favorite role. Why shouldn't she? She was wonderful in it and it made her famous.

The second regulation answer is to name the role you are portraying in your present picture. This with a canny eye to a little helpful publicity. A bit of boosting never yet hurt a picture's prospects, you know.

Another time-worn question is always put, after considerable hemming and hawing and preceded by "Now, this isn't for publication, you know, just between you and me . . . er . . . just how much is there in this idea that the woman pays for advancement in her career?" I always say, sure, the woman pays. In the hard-earned coin of long hours and hard work and sacrifice of such desirable things as chocolates and cream puffs and things that tend to go to waist . . . I'll say the woman pays and pays and pays!



To let the gal reporter tell it, gray matter is what a star has everything else but. Mae Busch, however, not only meets the interviewers on their own ground but goes them one better by writing some remarkably interesting and virile free verses.

INTERVIEWERS are fun, though, mostly. It is supremely flattering to think that half a million people will spend good money to read what you have to say. Only it sometimes gives you that cold feeling in the pit of your stomach, like you used to get when you stood up to speak your piece at the Sunday School Christmas entertainment and couldn't remember the first line. You suddenly realize that your opinions on things aren't so weighty as they had seemed before; that you are only a human person very much like those fans who look upon you as a person from a higher (well, anyway, a different) sphere; and that your line that gets over so well

at Armstrong's and on the lot isn't going to look so good in print.

But it always does, somehow. Probably because these same interviewers are tactful enough to play up the nice things the star has let slip absent-mindedly and draw a kindly veil over the indiscreet remarks that, God knows, are true enough but that you'd hate to let get back to your leading man, camera hog though he may be.

I like interviewers: Adela Rogers St. John, Myrtle Gebhart, Alma Whitaker, Grace Kingsley, Herb Howe . . . even Ed. Schallert, who's a good guy though tardy in his habits. I like interviewers and I like interviews.

They're such darn good publicity!



High Life IN Hollywood

By the TATTLER

CUPID has had a bad year in Hollywood.

Six supremely eligible film bachelors still flaunt their freedom in the lovely faces of Hollywood misses and mammas. Will the beginning of 1924 see them still unattached?

There is Harold Lloyd, for instance. Five feet nine inches of manhood going to sheer waste; a perfect husband in embryo, if there ever was one. And though the rumors of engagement to Mildred Davis still go merrily on, with occasional variation by substituting the name of the dusky-haired Bebe Daniels for little blonde Mildred, 1923 still finds Harold a bachelor—and obviously enjoying his sad state.

Then there is Richard Dix, the strapping Goldwyn star. Twenty-eight years old, and still defying Cupid's darts. Yet Richard openly avers that he wants to be married, that he is only waiting to find the right girl. Not that he is living the life of a

hermit. Far from it. Dickie Dix's heart is extremely susceptible, bless him, and he is usually in the throes of some sentimental affair. But none of them seems to take. But perhaps now that he has a nice contract with Goldwyn, to say nothing of his beautiful new \$17,000 Pierce-Arrow car, Richard will stabilize the marriage market of our fair village by taking to himself a wife, thereby ending the suspense for the score or so of maidens who would

not present any insuperable objections to becoming Mrs. Richard Dix.

Charlie Chaplin is another Ajax who is constantly defying the matrimonial lightning. Perpetually flirting with the marriage knot, the wary Charlie yet retains his title of Bachelors, once removed. For all the world knows that Charlie has tasted the bitterness and sweet of marriage, once. His brief and unhappy wedded life with the beautiful and canny Mildred Harris has evidently left him the determination not to be caught again. Yet rumors of engagements with any one of half a dozen film beauties continue to occupy front page space in the morning papers; Pola Negri especially engages Charlie's leisure hours. Who knows? By the time you read this, Charles Chaplin may be no more a bachelor. But knowing Charlie, *we have our doots!*

The Lasky lot fairly swarms with eligible bachelors. J. Warren Kerrigan, heart smasher



Charles Ray entertained some distinguished visitors on the occasion of the "launching" of the "Mayflower," in the Ray studios. Reading from left to right are Admiral E. W. Eberle of the Pacific Coast Fleet, Mrs. Charles Ray, Mrs. Eberle and Charles Ray, standing on the deck of the "Mayflower," an exact replica of the Pilgrim vessel.



Harold Lloyd enjoyed the wonderful music of Nyiregihazi, the pianist prodigy, so much that he invited him out to the Hal Roach studio, where Lloyd is making a screaming Spanish comedy.

de luxe for lo, these many years, goes his way, obstinately unmarried. What price that gorgeous aquiline nose, those piercing eyes, that brawny figure, as our English cousin would query? Is there any truth in the report that the demure and altogether charming Lois Wilson, Jack's leading lady in his new picture, *The Covered Wagon*, has at last won his laggard affections? We hope so. "The good son makes a good husband." Jack's devotion to his mother, recently passed away, is traditional in Hollywood, and the man who wins Lois Wilson for his bride is a lucky man, indeed. 'Twould be a good match.

Then there is Charles de Roche, the French actor brought over to fill the void in the hearts of flappers left by the desertion of Rodolph the Beloved. Charles is gloriously unhampered, matrimonially. True, he is said to be bestowing his attentions on Pola Negri, which is reprehensible and much to be deprecated. 'Tis no treat to a European demoiselle, the foreign courtesies, the continental genuflections that so delight our susceptible American maids and matrons. Foreign Actors for American girls is our slogan.

Antonio Moreno is another romantic actor who has escaped the wiles of feminine minds for many and many a moon. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, with all the romantic appeal of his beloved Spain, Tony may be at last trembling on the brink of conquest. Dame Gossip has it that Tony is only awaiting the necessary passing of a year to claim a lovely society matron as

Senora Carrida Monteagudo, or Mrs. Moreno, as the courts have lately decreed.

Ramon Navarro, too, is altogether too handsome to be permitted to remain a bachelor longer. Why is it that the foreigners seem to repeal Cupid's entanglements longer than the domestic brand of suitors? Something should really be done about Ramon. Now that he has a nice new contract with Metro and a name that somebody can pronounce—and spell—there is no further excuse for Ramon remaining in single un-blessedness. Hollywood should look to it. Perhaps the clergy and the Hollywood Woman's Club can do something about it in their occasional spare moments.

The Launching of the "Mayflower"

CELEBRATING the successful beginning of his new picture, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Charles Ray threw open his studios for an interesting event, recently, the launching of the good ship "Mayflower."

The vessel, an exact replica of the Pilgrim ship, was set up on the Ray lot. A direct descendant of Priscilla Alden dashed against the bow a flask of water brought from Plymouth harbor.

Mrs. Charles Ray and Miss Enid Bennett, who is playing the part of *Priscilla* in the picture, were hostesses at the charmingly-appointed luncheon that preceded the ceremony. Mrs. Ray wore a gown of buttercup-yellow velvet with yellow slippers, and a coatee and

hat of ermine. Miss Bennett was charming in a long-waisted gown of brown velvet with a small toque of the same shade.

Small china plates bearing the coats-of-arms of prominent "Mayflower" families, and boxes of candy, were given as souvenirs. The guests signed their names in the "Mayflower" "log," a most fascinating volume that looked as if the weight of centuries had marred its leathern, brass-bound covers.

Fitzmaurices Are Hosts

MR. AND MRS. George Fitzmaurice (Ouida Bergere) were hosts at a delightful dinner party at their Hollywood home, recently. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wood, Miss Gloria Swanson, Miss Pola Negri and Mr. Charles de Roche.

Stars Judge Dancers

RUTH ROLAND, Charlie Chaplin and Jesse Lasky were judges at a dancing contest held at the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. The first prize was awarded to Miss Marjory Daw and her partner, Mr. Dana Todd. Over one hundred couples participated.

Mack Sennett Entertains

DR. AND MRS. GIANNINI were the guests of honor at a dinner given at his home by Mack Sennett. About thirty guests were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Miss Constance Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) and Samuel Goldwyn.

Hollywood Bride Is Sensation

MR. AND MRS. JOHN HOWARD (Ora Carewe) are said to have created a sensation in Haverhill, Massachusetts, where they visited on their honeymoon. Mrs. Howard's "straight-from-Hollywood" gowns were declared no end stunning at the smart Pentucket Club and other social resorts.

Stars Attend Concert

THE ELITE of Hollywood flocked to hear the youthful pianist marvel, Nyiregihazi. Mrs. Frank Mayo

(Dagmar Godowski), herself the daughter of a famous pianist, entertained a party of friends at the concert in Los Angeles. Others who had boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray and Mr. Antonio Moreno, and Harold Lloyd.

Von Stroheim Is Honored

IN HONOR of Eric Von Stroheim, who has signed a long-term contract with Goldwyn, Edward Bowes recently gave a notable dinner party at the Ambassador Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard (Mae Murray), Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Miss June Mathis, Mr. Richard Dix, Miss Claire Windsor and Miss Patsy Ruth Miller were among the guests.

Miss Sweet was lovely in ivory velvet. Miss Windsor wore a gown of lace and seed pearls over a slip of silver cloth. Miss Miller was gowned in tea-rose chiffon over charmeuse, with little French flowers.

Kitchen Showers For Natalie Keaton

NATALIE Talmadge Keaton was the guest of honor at a kitchen shower, given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), recently. The Keatons are soon to go into their new home, after residing with the Schencks since their marriage.

Dorothy Phillips Entertains

WHEN it comes to novel and smart entertainment, Mrs. Allan Holubar, known on the screen as Dorothy Phillips, is always in the front rank. The elite of Hollywood were recently invited to get down their ice-skates from the attic and come to a snow-party at the studio. The ice-skating rink used in the latest Phillips picture, *The White Frontier* swarmed with screen celebrities, some of whom could skate well and some of whom could not. But all were ornamental. It was the most fun lots of film folk had had since the Christian Endeavor sleigh rides back in Punxsutawney, Pa., and many an ermine coatee bit the dust (snow-dust), to ribald applause from the sidelines.

Stars Shine At Coconut Grove

AMONG the interesting screen folk who had parties at the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador the other evening were Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. 'Buster' Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), Antonio Moreno, Kenneth Harlan, Samuel Goldwyn and James Young.

Kenneth Harlan was with Miss Marie Prevost, as usual, his dainty fiancée. Harold Lloyd included in his party lovely little Mildred Davis, also as usual.

Dinner For de Roche

AN EVENT that caused the gossips to nod and whisper significantly was a smart dinner given recently, in honor of Count Charles de Roche. The bonny Charles is a really-and-truly count, it is said, but he democratically dispenses with his title for professional purposes. Which is wise . . . and economical.

Hollywood Hotel

THURSDAY night at the Hollywood hotel is always a gala occasion. The other evening saw a brilliant crowd gathered to dance and dine in the famous hostelry. Among the

most interesting were Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson (the diminutive and adorable Anita Loos), Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts), Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Miss Carmelita Garrity, Miss Sylvia Breamer and Mr. and Mrs. George Melford.

Charles Ray Gives Preview

AN EXCEEDINGLY smart audience was present at the invitation preview of Charles Ray's new picture, *The Girl I Love*, given at the exclusive Beverly Hills Hotel. The guests of the hotel and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ray, including members of the press, viewed the picture with much pleasure, and many a stately society matron wept the mascara off her eyelashes, just as the film folk did.

Niblos Return Home

THE Fred Niblos are back from Mexico City, regaling all their friends with tales of the color and romance of Old Spain that has been retained in the capital city of our turbulent neighbor across the border. Mrs. Niblo (Enid Bennett) is starting work with Charles Ray in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, in which she is portraying the coquettish Priscilla.

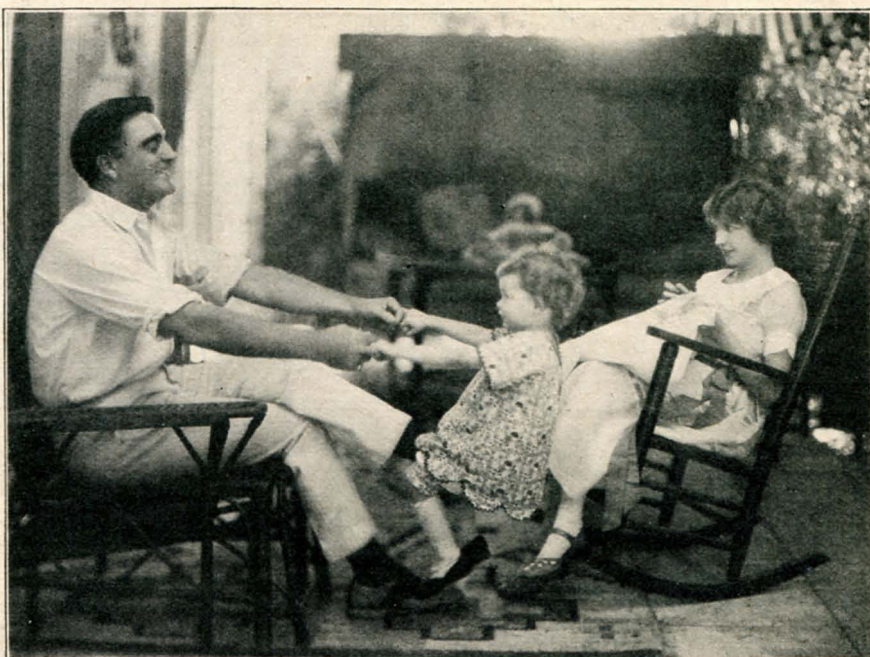
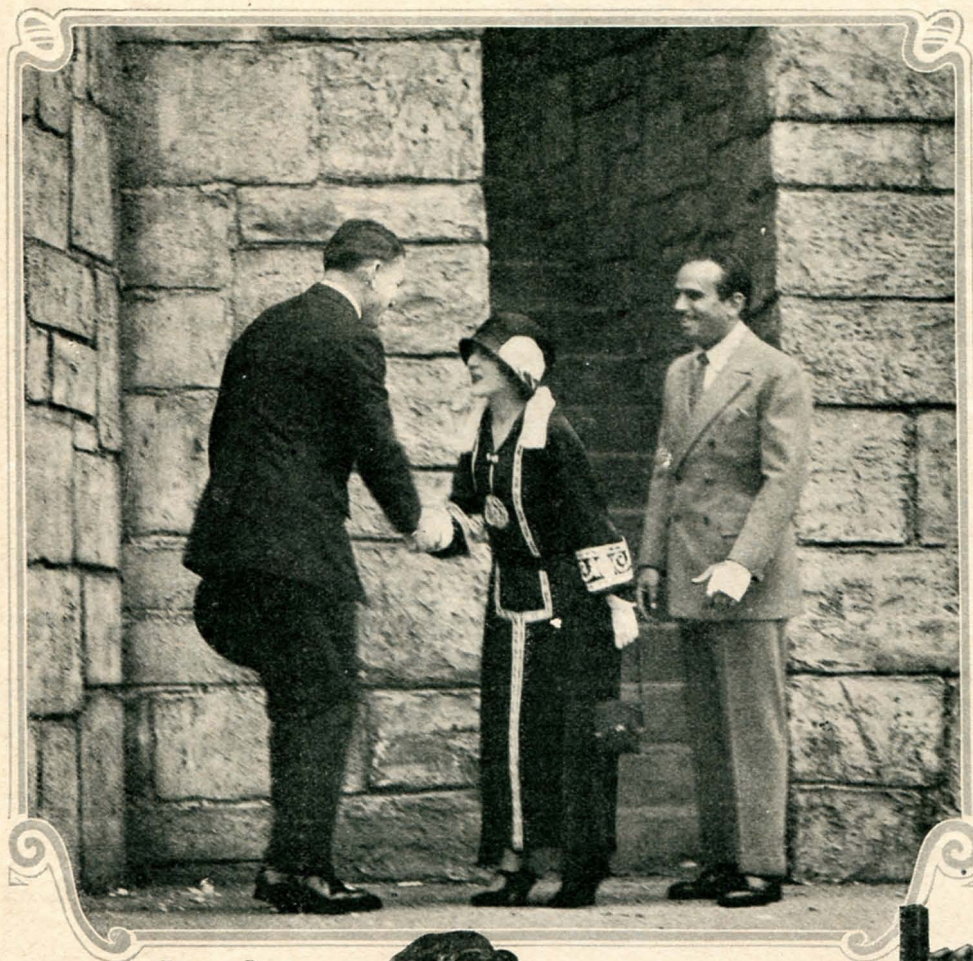


Photo by SYKES-EDWARDS

An exclusive "at home" affair at the charming residence of the William Desmonds. Cunning little Mary Joanna considers Daddy Bill just the best sort of a pal, so does Mama Mary McIvor Desmonds.

Caught in the Act

*Unusual Photographs That Show Movie Scenes
Not Seen in the Theatres*



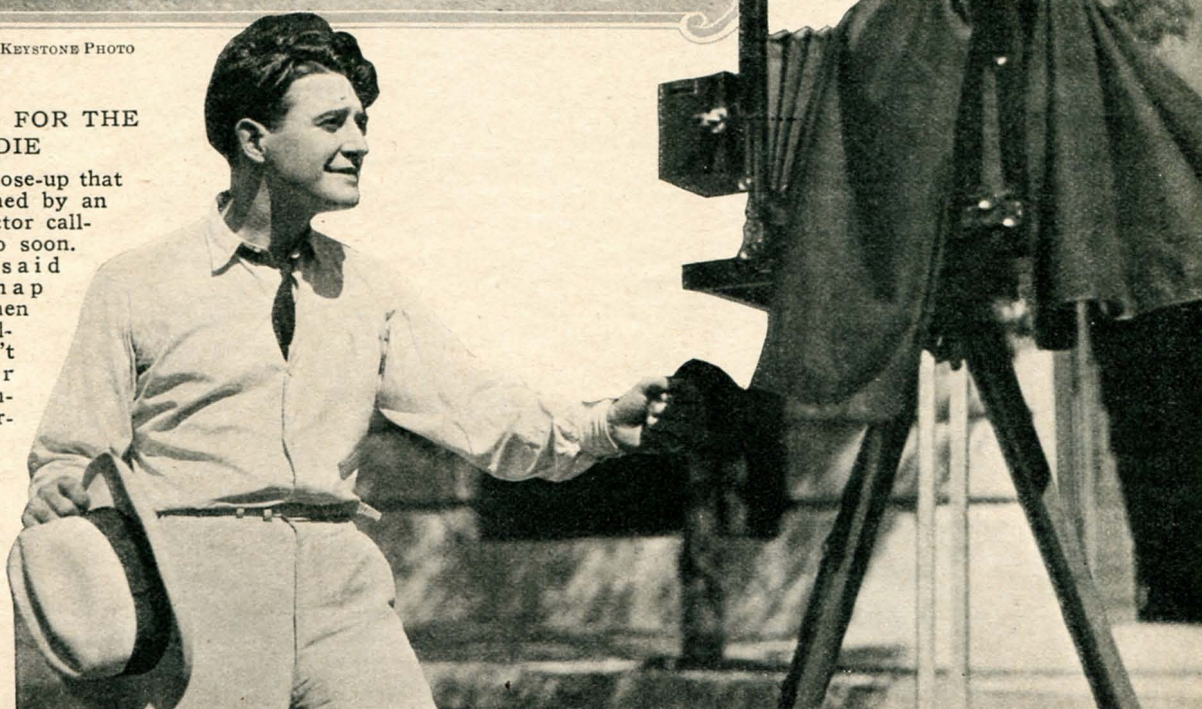
KEYSTONE PHOTO

"WELCOME TO OUR CITY"

says Mary Pickford to National Commander Owsler, American Legion head, on the Robin Hood set at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios. Mr. Owsler doesn't need anyone to tell him to smile pretty at the lady. Doug says the bandage on his hand stamps him as a disabled veteran of the (matrimonial) war.

WATCHING FOR THE BIRDIE

This is one close-up that won't be ruined by an officious director calling "Cut" too soon. Richard Dix said he had to snap this one when Helen Chadwick wasn't around, or she'd have insisted on sharing it.



GOLDWYN PHOTO



DID YOU HEAR THIS ONE?

Bert Lytell has just told Betty Compson what Pola Negri said when asked if she were going to marry Charlie Chaplin. "Now you stop!" says Betty.

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



GOLDWYN PHOTO

MAE GETS A TRIMMING

"Cut it short and shave my neck," says Mae Busch to the Goldwyn barber, as she snatches a moment between scenes. Mae is trying to look as if she didn't hear her director bellowing at her to get back on the set.



GOLDWYN PHOTO

ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING

Mrs. Douglas McLean has just told her husband that he ought to be in church this minute. The thought seems to make Douglas enjoy the Sunday "funnies" all the more. Can you make out what Mrs. McLean is chocheting?

"YOU FIRST, MY
DEAR GASTON"

Pola Negri and Director George Fitzmaurice are certainly polite, and seem to enjoy working together. Fitzmaurice directed Pola in BELLA DONNA, her first made-in-America picture.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR BEAD
BAG YET?

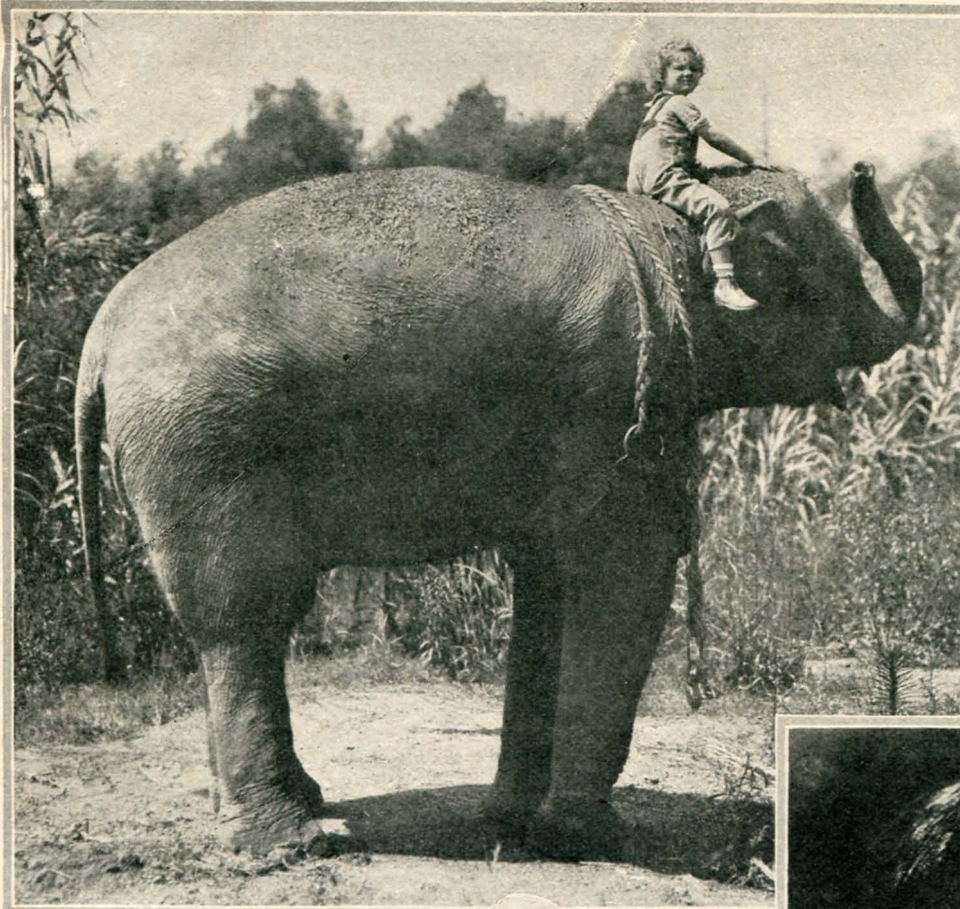
Lois Wilson and May McAvoy are hard at work on theirs. Lois is crocheting hers with navy silk and iridescent beads, while May is making a gay little bag of scarlet silk with cut steel beads.

THE HERO
RETURNS

J. Warren Kerrigan returns to the screen in THE COVERED WAGON, after several years' retirement. Jack Kerrigan used to make Big Sister's heart go flutter-flutter, back in the old days when he was winning popularity contests, and still has enough of his old charm to please the 1923 model flapper.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO



"GIDDAP" SAYS DICKIE

Richard Headrick takes an early morning canter. The name of his spirited mount is Anna May, one of the Featured Actresses in **HEARTS AFLAME**.

LOUIS B. MEYER PHOTO

BRITAIN'S HAND- SOMEST ACTOR

Ivor Novello, whom English matinee girls concede to be restful and soothing to the eye, has left England flat to come to this country. Ivor expects to put the shapely noses of our most beautiful male stars quite out of joint.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



HEART WHOLE AND FANCY FREE

How nice it seems not to have a man under foot, remarks Pauline Frederick to her mother. Mother evidently agrees. Polly has just found the matrimonial sea too stormy, for the fourth time.

KEYSTONE PHOTO



"C'MON IN, THE
WATER'S FINE"

coaxes little Jackie Ott, swimming champion of Miami, Florida. But Nita Naldi and Rubye de Remer prefer to bask in the sunshine on the beach. Beach costumes like theirs aren't meant to get wet.

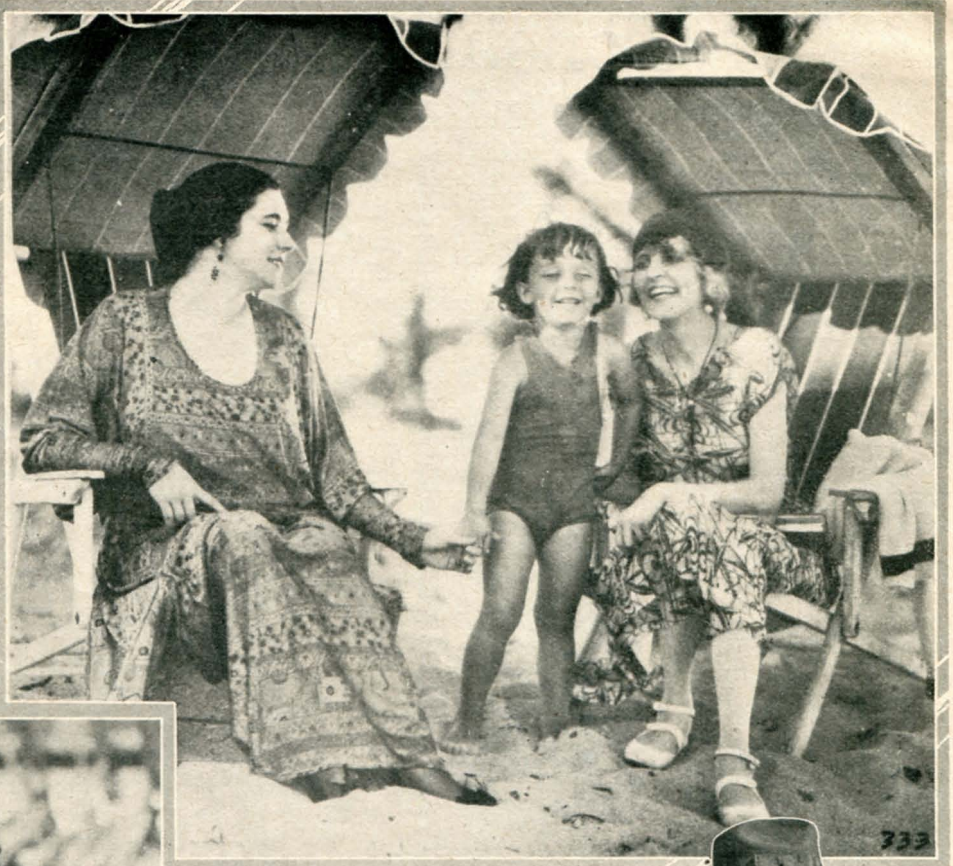


Photo by UNDERWOOD



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

THE OLD ORDER
CHANGETH

Once upon a time Dorothy Gish, a star in her own right, gave a good-looking young chap a chance to make good as her leading man. The good-looking young chap was Richard Barthelmess. Here we have Dorothy as she appears in *FURY*, in which she supports her former leading man.

WATCH OUT,
HOLLYWOOD!

Chief of Police Dan O'Brien takes the first steps toward cleaning up the movies by swearing in Mae Busch as a member of his Purity Squad.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Consulting the Stars

Trousseau Suggestions

For

The Easter Bride



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

The bride who possesses a smart dinner frock of Roman crepe trimmed with iridescent beads, such as Agnes Ayres wears so effectively, is assured of making a good appearance at any evening function.



For the golf links and for country wear, a knicker suit should be included in every up-to-the-minute bride's trousseau. Ruth Roland is very smart in her outfit.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY KEYES

For the bride who is to have a formal church wedding, ivory velvet cut on long, classic lines makes an ideal bridal gown. The beautiful gown shown above, worn by Miss Bebe Daniels, is heavily ornamented with pearls, as is also the tulle veil with its coronet of rose-point lace.

Here is a negligee such as every bride dreams of. Pale green satin brocade, with rich trimming of white fox fur, is the material of which Bebe Daniel's negligee is fashioned, but an equally lovely one can be made at less expense, when heavy crepe de Chine and white swansdown is used.

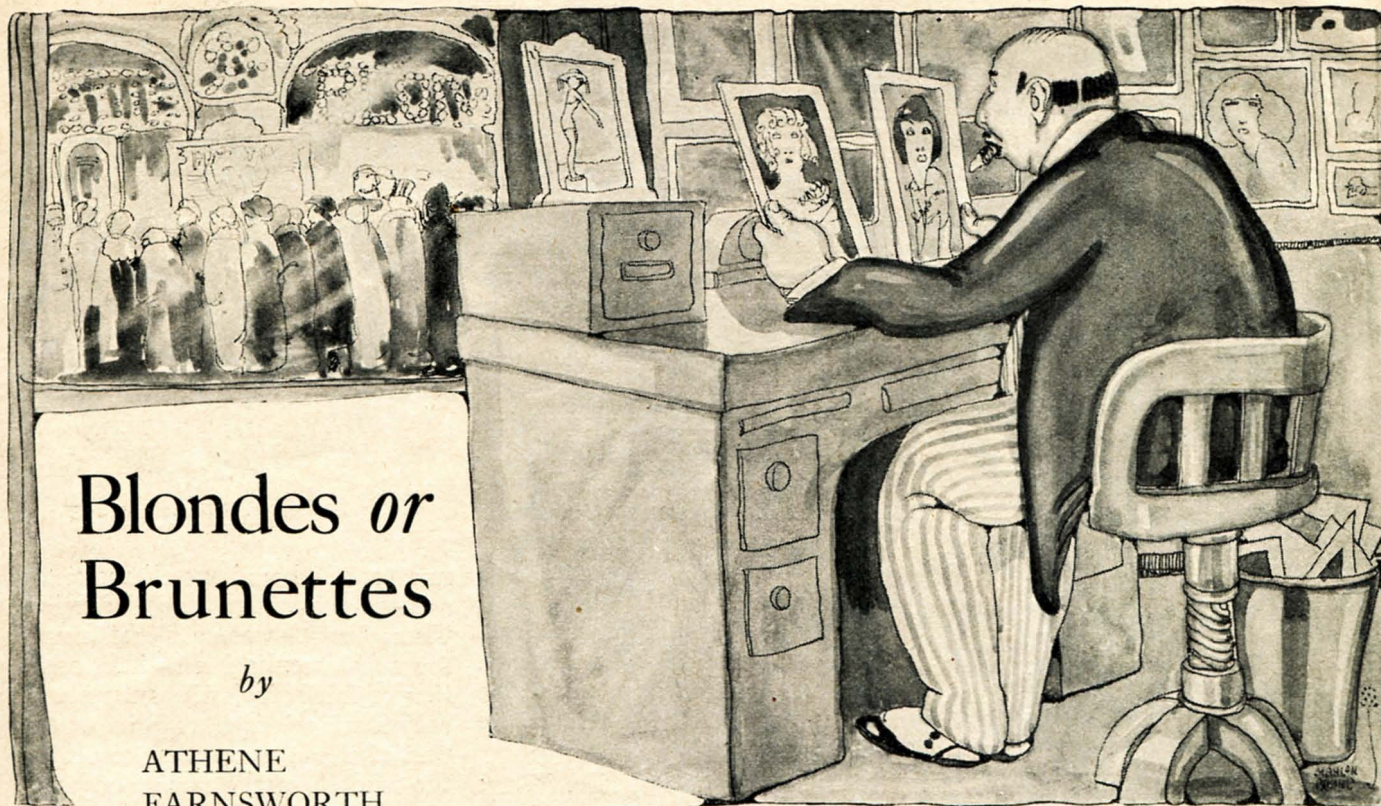


PHOTO BY FREULICH.

A cape suit of rough Poirer and a simple hat of Milan straw makes a fetching and practical street costume for morning and informal wear. Specially posed by Priscilla Dean, Universal Star.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO



Blondes or Brunettes

by

ATHENE
FARNSWORTH

IS THE POPULARITY of the brunette a matter of personality, history, economic necessity or the henna brush?

Which is the more popular, anyway, the blonde or the brunette?

The controversy is old; it raged when Sapho banned her brunette rivals to outer darkness by her fiery wit. And with the different ages, different standards prevail. The blonde beauty of one period is followed by a brunette charmer acclaimed as the perfect Venus.

Odd how the color of the vampire changes from age to age. Fair Helen of Troy, the original home-disrupter, was russet-haired. Her close second for historical prestige in *affaires du coeur*, the fascinating Cleopatra, possessed bronze tresses. The goddess of love herself, Aphrodite, was a true blonde.

Today the vampire is dark of hair and eye. Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Pola Negri, all are brunettes. Where is our blonde "vamp" of the screen?

THE SIMPLEST, albeit most unromantic way to determine once and for all the triumph of blonde or

THE OLD question still rages; who are most popular, our golden-haired ingenues or dusky-haired vampires? Are blue eyes or brown the more potent in luring Mr. and Mrs. Fan from their fire-side arm chairs? This article gives you the last word in the controversy.

brunette, in so far as the motion picture is concerned, is to judge the stars by their money-making power. The stars that draw the greatest crowds, that make the most money for exhibitor or producer—are they dark or light?

Probably Rodolph Valentino has been the greatest short time money-maker that Famous Players-Lasky ever had. He is dark as his Roman forebears, a true brunette.

Wallace Reid, on the other hand, has brought in millions of dollars over the period of years of his contract with Paramount. And Wallace was blond, with light hair and gray-blue eyes.

Priscilla Dean is Universal's bread-and-butter, it is said. She is a fiery brunette. She has no rival in studio, either blonde or brunette.

At Metro studio, Viola Dana is undoubtedly the best drawing card of any single player. She is a brunette. Alice Terry, who is dark by nature but has won her fame on the screen as a golden blonde, is very popular, but her drawing power is linked with her director-husband, Rex Ingram, who again is dark.

For Vitagraph, Corinne Griffith, another brunette, is most popular by box-office records, I understand.

Two other brunettes, Richard Dix and Helene Chadwick, bear the brunt of screen popularity at Goldwyns.

Norma Talmadge, an enormous money-maker, is a beautiful brunette of the true type. Her lovely, melting eyes and dusky hair, in addition to her unquestioned dramatic ability, have brought her great popularity. On the other hand, Katherine MacDonald, a regal blonde, is a good box-office attraction.

At Selznick studio, Elaine Hammerstein, another striking brunette, is probably the best drawing-card.

Lillian Gish is Griffith's greatest star. She is more blonde than



Rodolph Valentino



Norma Talmadge



Pola Negri

brunette, but her eyes are hazel and her hair is not golden.

Mary Pickford is a real blonde, but she photographs as almost a brunette. Her curls used to photograph even darker, owing to the poor lighting system that used to prevail.

Marion Davies is a lovely blonde. But how much of her popularity is due to good advertising rather than to real appeal?

THE BRUNETTES, you see, seem to have it. Valentino, Priscilla Dean, Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, Norma Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, stand against the few blondes represented by our Mary, Katherine MacDonald, Lillian Gish, Wallace Reid, and Mae Murray. But you'll have to admit that the blondes, though few in number, are good in quality.

In disposition, also. When extreme virtue is to be represented, youthful innocence and virginal charm, the blonde is unanimously chosen to portray the role. Mildred Davis is the perfect ingenue.

Has the present craze for blonde wigs any significance?

A few years ago, all that was required for the screen celebrity in embryo was a head of infantile curls, yellow and clinging. A veritable craze for ingenue types was going full blast. Then the pendulum began to swing back and brunettes looked as if they were to have a chance at cinema fame and fortune. They got the desired foothold with real life drama calling for other types than the clinging vine. Now again, however, the golden gleams are getting in some telling strokes. With the advent of the romantic costume plays, bobbed brown heads are donning long flaxen braids and ringlets in order to portray the melting heroines of past decades.

This fascination of wearing blonde wigs has gone even further. Every star on the screen seems to be bent on trying her charms under the illusion of yellow tresses. Betty Compson, Agnes Ayres, May McAvoy, Dorothy Dalton and



Viola Dana

numerous others have all registered as blondes in at least one production. There may be some slight excuse for such peculiarities. The adoption of fair-haired wigs may not be only a temperamental whim on the part of the star when one considers the wisdom of the law of opposites—practically all the prominent male stars on the screen are dark. Contrasts always show up to better advantage in a comparison.

But, going back to the original point at issue—Are blondes greater drawing cards than brunettes? When we study history, it would seem that popular favor, though at times wavering in its allegiance, harks back to the fair hair every time. The number of decades over which the rage for the powdered wig extended seems proof positive of this fact.

YET THEY say that blondes can't stand an emotional strain put on them in screen drama. They are the ideal flapper type. Do you believe it? Maybe so, but the fact remains that the fascinating Alice Terry of "Four Horsemen" fame did not succeed as a brunette—her natural state—her personality simply did not register. Someone suggested that she try a blonde wig. She did and we all know the result. She became a distinctive personage. Her beauty acquired a delightfully patrician quality. The screen does strange things to actualities.

Practically everyone agrees that it's personality that makes for popularity rather than color. Neverthe-



Mary Pickford

less, we all have very definite ideas as to what we expect of each type of complexion. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that blondes must play the roles of the gay little musical comedy heroines or else the unsophisticated fluffy little ingenue. On the other hand, brunettes are more versatile. They are called upon to pose as the dreamy-eyed siren or portray the vivacious, vivid young thing that rushes in in the nick of time and saves the hero from the villain or whatnot. "Heavy roles" are also usually the lot of the brunette. Leon Bary, a fine actor from the French school, is a true brunette who does even "villains" with a most intriguing air. He is a real "comer."

Noting the fair damsels of the screen—Mae Murray is a real honest to goodness true type of blonde. Has she ever played a great dramatic role? Blanche Sweet is another fair-haired star. Isn't she more convincing and true to type as the clinging vine? Mary Miles Minter, Pauline Garon, Wanda Hawley — aren't they the "sweet young things?" Ethel Clayton is true blonde.

Probably the majority of the stars would come under the classification of "medium"—blue eyes and dark hair or vice versa. Gloria

Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, Betty Compson, Viola Dana, Betty Blythe, Marie Prevost, May McAvoy—all have blue or gray eyes and dark hair. Their talents and capabilities seem to be divided between the lot of the blonde and the brunette. Some of them have been known to carry off both varieties of roles with éclat—lucky mortals!

Dorothy Dalton borrows a blonde wig for "The Woman Who Walked Alone." Dorothy Gish never got very far until she enacted her roles in a dark wig.

Some people say that a blonde lacks depth, yet practically all the famous ladies in history seem to have been blondes or "red heads." Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots; Sapho, are just a few of the notable examples.

Yet, on the other hand, there has only been one blonde or near-blonde in all the history of the modern stage that has registered as a genuine artist and she—is the "Divine Sarah." Who cares though, when it's a blonde who carries off the ultimate laurels!

As to our heroes—Ah, "Rudie," you're our best bet. The incomparable "Julio" did that for you if your dark head is never "shot" again. Even the lovable, debonair Wally Reid with his sleek blond hair and laughing blue eyes could not sway the multitudes as thou. (No, I'm not particularly a Valentino fan, but the public is.)

Conrad Nagel's popularity is assured, but then, so is Tommy Meighan's. Kenneth Harlan has an intriguing way about him—yes, indeed—but just watch the flutter of the flappers when John Bowers sets that determined chin.

Doug and Charlie and Harold Lloyd and Dick Barthelmess are all very dark. Where are the blonds to compete with them?

Well, who won? Think it over. Check on the pros and cons. I have summed up the available data but I'd never dare risk my own locks by committing myself.



Wallace Reid



Mildred Davis



Mae Murray

EDITORIAL

WHY IS a prologue?
Do you really like
them, you fans?

Do you go to the
movies to sit through a news
weakly, a vocal imposition, the
Seven Sutherland Sisters' danc-
ing act, Rufus at the Goofus and
Funny Sayings from the Stone-
hatchet Gazette?

Or do you, by any quaint
chance, go to the movies to look
at the movies?

When we have an hour to spare
between interviews and drop into
a theatre to develop a little heart
interest over the screen amours
of our favorite actor, only to have
to leave before the feature has
even begun, the thoughts that
arise in us are too utterly utter.
No lady should have such
thoughts.

How do you feel about it? If
we could only get the idea across
to the exhibitors that prologues
are not absolutely essential to our
life and happiness, perhaps they
could be induced to lower admis-
sion prices, along with their over-
head. Then you could treat
friend wife to a loge seat on
Saturday night without mortgag-
ing the old homestead to do it.

POOOR STARS! How mean Pen-
rhyn Stanlaws was to criticize
them so bitterly in the *January*
SCREENLAND! Mr. Stanlaws ought
to know there is no one perfect
in this world. His favorite expres-
sion seemed to be that a certain
actress had too large a head for
her body. Never mind, they are
all right, and right here in Tren-
ton everyone he mentioned fill
a house three times a day. We
love them and think them okeh,
even if some of the stories they
appear in are not so "good."

—Eleanor Norman, Trenton,
N. J.

Such loyalty ought to soothe
the wounded feelings of the stars,
if there were any such. But
don't you feel badly about it,
Eleanor. The stars who were
really hurt were the ones who
weren't mentioned. It is a com-
pliment, you know, to be con-
sidered so beautiful that a criti-
cism is news.

IT IS PLEASANT to record that
the box-office viewpoint does not
always blind producers to worth-
while artistic productions. Take
the case of Jesse Lasky, for in-
stance, when he insisted on film-
ing *The Covered Wagon*, from
Emerson Hough's story.

Mr. Lasky put the story over
against the opposition of the
whole Paramount organization.
It is a western story; the public,
said the staff, was tired of
westerns. It has for a star War-
ren Kerrigan, who has been out
of pictures for years. For lead-
ing lady, Mr. Lasky insisted on
choosing Lois Wilson, a charm-
ing girl and a splendid actress,
but one who has not much box-
office appeal as yet. Why?
Because in Mr. Lasky's eyes, Ker-
rigan and Miss Wilson were the
only players who fit the roles.
We haven't previewed the picture
yet; it may turn out a flop, even
as prophesied. But we're hoping
that *The Covered Wagon* will be
as good a picture as the faith
that inspired it.

Jackie Coogan has a neat taste
in music. For the past fortnight
Jackie has crooned constantly
this chaste ditty:

There aint no flies on me!
There aint no flies on me!

There may be flies on some o'
you guys,
But there aint no flies on me!

Which for some unfathomed
reason reminds us that Antonio
Moreno refused to play the gor-
geous part of the fascinating
Rupert in *Rupert of Hentzau*,
because "Rupert was a villain and
it would hurt me with my
public".

PLEASE, can't you do some-
thing about the censors?" writes
in a reader from Philadelphia.
"I am so tired of seeing the best
parts of pictures hacked out,
leaving us just the shell. All the
real facts of life are taboo in this
state, on the screen. I have just
been seeing *Blood and Sand*, and
from what friends in other states
tell me, I know that we didn't
see the whole picture. Can't some-
thing be done to keep prudish
old maids of both sexes from
ruining our entertainment?"

Don't tell us they tampered
with *Dona Sol*! We can repeat
editorially—and we do—that cen-
sors give us an extreme pain in
the vicinity of the neck, and pray
for a more enlightened age. Rex
Ingram contributes an example
of censorial logic, in connection
with his *Four Horsemen* master-
piece:

"The Penny censors refused to
allow Madame Laurier (Alice
Terry) to be married to her
husband. She must be his
finance, because they would not
permit her to kiss another man,
Julio (Valentino) while married
to her husband. They lost sight
of the fact that this planted her
as the *mistress* of Laurier, as they
left in shots showing her living
in the same house with him."



Hot From Hollywood

Unexpurgated Paragraphs About and By the Stars

Take one last look at Lew Cody's cunning little mustache. He had to shave it off to get his part in "Within the Law." Anyway, Lew's reformed now and doesn't need it; only villains wear mustaches.

Gloria vs. Pola Again

WHEN Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson meet, Hollywood is always sure of at least one giggle. The other evening, George Fitzmaurice and his clever wife, Ouida Bergere, gave a party. Both Gloria and Pola were invited; both accepted. The guests, knowing the rivalry between the two and the fact that they had not yet been formally presented to each other, were anticipatory.

Pola arrived, radiant in the new shade of scarlet, with her favorite band of silver cloth about her head. Her black eyes sparkled; she was stunning. Then Gloria was announced. She swept in—and the guests shrieked. Gloria, too, was gowned in scarlet, the very same shade that Pola wore so well, and about her auburn hair a silver bandeau glistened!

Pola came to the party with Charlie Chaplin, as usual, but she spent most of her evening dancing the tango, a la Valentino, with Charles de Roche, the strapping new six-footer imported by Paramount from France. And Charlie glowered. "I hate his size!" he is said to have hissed to his friends. For Charlie, though clever and *tres distingue*, is of somewhat less than medium height.

Valentino to Produce Independently

Guessing what Valentino will do next has become the nation's favorite indoor sports. The latest

rumor hints that our Rudie will produce independently, releasing through the J. D. Williams Distributing Corporations, and backed financially by Dr. Giannini, a New York banker. Joseph Schenck is said to be acting as the little dove of peace between Valentino and Lasky. Even if his release from Paramount is not secured, Valentino can produce independently, it is said, though his pictures will undoubtedly be black-listed by the 14½ per cent of American exhibitors who show Paramount pictures.

Why Girls Leave Home

Mary Miles Minter has announced that she is now old enough to live her own life and express herself. She has left her mother's home and has taken a house of her own in Hollywood. The reason, says Dame Gossip, is the management of the million dollars that Mary Miles has made since she first secured her position in pictures.

Dicky Dix Blows Himself

Day by day in every way, Richard Dix is getting popularer and popularer, around the Goldwyn studios. Richard has just bought himself a new \$17,000 Pierce-Arrow car, and everyone, from the Big Boss to the prop boy, wants to ride in it.

Mary Pickford in Faust

Mary Pickford is hard at work, creating the role of *Marguerite* in *Faust*, for the screen. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director of *Passion* and other Pola Negri successes, is directing. At the same time, Ferdinand Pinney Earle is "shooting" *Faust* also, and a Canadian producing company is doing the same thing.

A Serial Story

Here's the way Finis Fox, the director, explains how he got his unusual name:

"My mother and dad had three children, all girls. They were very anxious for a son, however, and when I finally came along, dad said, 'Hooray, a boy! We'll call him Finis and count the family completed.'"

"Only he spoke too soon. Three more children were born after me; sequels, so to speak."

Three Kinds of Husbands Says Marie

Marie Prevost, who recently announced her engagement to Kenneth Harlan, says there are three kinds of husbands.

"The first kind of husband is the one who comes straight home at night, has no vices and works for a salary," says Marie. "The second kind is the domestic sheik, whose wife's main duty is to salaam and worship her lord. The third kind worships his wife to the exclusion of everything else. This last type demands an emotional actress for a wife."

The question is, which class does Harlan belong in?

A Premature Announcement

Hollywood was mildly surprised recently to read in the morning paper the announcement of the engagement of Dorothy Dalton to Frank J. Godsol, president of the Goldwyn Film Corporation. The wedding, the paper said, would take place in the spring. The guileless reporter's scoop was somewhat marred, however, by the embarrassing fact that Mr. Godsol has a perfectly good wife already.



Photo by ROLIN STUDIO

Marie Mosquini is to be Will Roger's kissless leading lady in the new short-reel comedies that the Follies king is to make for Hal Roach.

Whadya Mean "Near Actress"

The following headline tops a lurid tale from Universal City: SHOT AIMED AT CHINESE HITS NEAR ACTRESS. The "near actress" referred to was Priscilla Dean. It is asserted on reliable authority that Malcolm Stuart Boylan, head publicity writer at Universal, retired to his room for three days after the publication of the above item, and refused to be lured out.

Interesting If True

The following crop of betrothals, divorces and marriages and denials of marriages is offered for your kind consideration:

Viora Daniel, leading woman in Christy comedies, admits that she was secretly married to one Wayne Cassidy, son of a Los Angeles bank president. As soon as the scion of wealth plucked up sufficient courage to announce his marriage to a comedy queen, the stern parent magnificently "forgave" them all and peace reigns supreme.

Margaret Loomis, picture actress and dancer (you remember her as the dancer in *The Shiek*)

announces her engagement to a local business man, E. I. Crook.

Pearl White was proposed to recently. It wasn't unprecedented; she had been proposed to before. But this one so impressed her that our lovely Pearl retired to a convent in Spain, devoting herself to meditation before taking the fatal step.

Constance Talmadge denies that she is engaged to William Rhineland Stewart, Jr., wealthy New York banker. "We are just friends, that's all," Connie remarks in her well-known original manner.

Helene Chadwick has separated "for good" from her husband, Billy Wellman, Fox director, thereby startling many of her admirers, who didn't even know she was married.

Vera Stedman, leading lady for Charles Ray in *Scrap Iron*, has sued her husband, Jackie Taylor, charging extreme cruelty.

Speaking of New Leading Ladies—

which we did some paragraphs back, Harold Lloyd has one. She is Jobyna Ralston. Never heard of her? We never did either, but we have it on Harold's own word that Jobyna is a peach and a pippin. And we take Harold's word for anything. You see Jobyna's picture on the editorial page, if the make-up man hasn't played us false and taken it out.

Rudie, Take Your Bowl

Some time ago the court took its pen in hand and granted a sweeping injunction forbidding one Rodolph Valentino to work at anything for anybody but Famous Players-Lasky Corp. The other day the court experienced a little change of heart and so far amended the injunction that now Rudie may work at anything except acting. We suggest from a perfectly unbiased standpoint that Rudie and Natacha Rambova, his wife, take his Argentine tango dance over the Orpheum circuit. Dancing isn't acting, is it? Both Rudie and the theatres would clean up on such a stunt.

Only, we *do* want Valentino to play *Ben Hur*! Please, Mr. Lasky, have a heart!

Stars Choose New Leading Ladies

There are more new leading ladies in Hollywood now than you can shake a stick at. Margaret Leahy, the beautiful English girl brought home from the right little tight little island by the Talmadges, is playing the lead in Buster Keaton's new picture. Larry Seamon, finding himself bereft of Lucille Carlisle, is sending out frantic S. O. S. calls for a new leading lady. Probably the prettiest of all the new crop is Evelyn Brent, who is supporting Douglas Fairbanks in his pirate picture, as yet unchristened. Evelyn was so decorative in *Spanish Jade* that Doug put in a bid for her immediately.

Will He or Won't He?

Will Charlie Chaplin marry Pola Negri? Or is this latest and most persistent rumor merely another of the conventional press-agent affairs? "I say nossing," Pola reiterates when questioned, batting a wicked eyelash at the reporter, who promptly goes A. W. O. L. "I can't say yes," says Charlie, "and I can't say no. Miss Negri is the one to give out any announcement." And there the matter stands. Only . . . Charlie and Pola, chaperoned by Pola's secretary, took a little Friday-to-Monday jaunt down to Santa Barbara recently.

Come Home, All Will Be Forgotten

Just as Hollywood is all pepped up by the news that Griffith, long a wanderer from the California colony, is to open up his Hollywood studios again, the nasty old sport-sport newspapers in New York, backed by the denial of Griffith himself, assert that 'the master' will remain in the East. However, the inside information seems to be that Griffith will really move his company to the coast.

If he does, will Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Carol Dempster and Charles Mack come, too? It is the freely expressed Hollywood opinion that Griffith has pulled a large and reprehensible boner by letting Lillian Gish go off on her own. It is said that Lillian was getting an insignificant salary; that Griffith refused to give her more money or to star her because "she

couldn't act with anybody but Griffith." Carol Dempster hasn't Lillian's appeal. Lillian has contributed as much to Griffith's success as Griffith has contributed to Lillian's.

That Wicked Hollywood

The "dope" scare has become so acute that an actor in Hollywood is afraid to step up to a drug store fountain and ask for a "cherry coke," lest he be reported as a "hop-head." But light breaks through the leaden clouds. Colonel Nutt (officer, put that man out) national narcotic chief, says Hollywood is not so bad as Kansas City, for instance. He insists that not one-third of the alleged forty per cent of Hollywood's picture colony uses narcotics.

Big Doin's in Hollywood

Selznick Picture Corporation is being moved to Hollywood. Soon we shall have Theda Bara in our midst again, thus making Hollywood unsafe from such husbands as have escaped the fascination of Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi. Theda is all revamped, ready for vamping, Selznick says.

What Shall Fatty Do?

Fatty Arbuckle has been rendered positively incoherent by the suggestions which kindly clergymen have been offering, regarding the Arbuckle future. One good Samaritan suggests that the comedian go back to the kind of work by which he made a living before he was dethroned. But since Fatty was a porter in a saloon, the suggestion is a total loss. Another reverend helper suggests he try plumbing, as being remunerative in the extreme, with no particular moral scruples necessary.

A Sacrifice to His Art

Lew Cody was given a role in *Within the Law*, providing he would shave off his mustache. Lew had cherished his mustache for six years, but in the interest of his art, he sacrificed. Now that Lew has reformed and is playing heroic roles, he doesn't need a mustache, anyway. Only villains wear those cunning little lip-brows, so you can tell them from the heroes.

How to Be Friends Though Divorced

The problem has been settled amicably by Ruth Roland and L. E. Kent, formerly husband and wife, or vice versa. They are now business partners. Ruth owns a lot of Hollywood real estate and Kent manages it for her.

And Now It's A Brother

Tito Valentino, heralded as Rudie's little brother and singularly like Rodolph, makes his film debut in a Leslie Peacock production, *The Midnight Flower*. Only Rodolph (it does seem that somebody is always picking on Rodolph and his money-making name) protests that he hasn't any brother by that name or any other on this side of the Atlantic. So that's that.

Moreno Retires From Bull-Ring

Antonio Moreno was a bull-fighter once, he says. Just for the sport of it. But that was back in Spain. The climate in California must have an unpleasant effect on bulls, because—

"Watch me bull-dog this bull," said Tony the other day on location. The bull was in a pasture. Tony jumped the fence. The bull was low in his mind. Probably his breakfast wasn't setting right. He looked at Tony. Tony looked at the bull. The bull took a step forward. Tony took a step backward. The bull started to run. Tony beat him to the move by one leap. Tony jumped the fence. The bull went right through it. Tony jumped into his car, a nice bright red one. The bull tried to get in with him, but Tony was already on his way.

Tony is now reconciled to the fact that he didn't get the role of Gallardo in *Blood and Sand*.

In 1919 about \$700,000,000

was taken in by motion-picture theaters in the United States and Canada.

Lucretia Lombard, by Kathlyn Norris, has been purchased by Warner Brothers for screen presentation.

Johnny Hines has completed *Luck*, his latest picture. Here's hoping it's as good as *Sure Fire Flint*.

One of the successes of the New York theatrical is *Merton of the Movies*, a burlesque of the films starring that excellent youngster Glenn Hunter.

It is a notorious fact that movie heroes pride themselves on their handsome features. Richard Dix in *The Christian* hides his good looking countenance behind a growth of formidable beard.

The first man to project motion pictures on a screen was an Englishman living in California, named Edward Muybridge. This great event took place in the summer of 1877; and the subject of the picture was a race-horse in action.

The Miracle Man made in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars; and up to June first of last year it had been shown 7,800 times.

Evelyn Brent is Douglas Fairbanks' new leading lady in his pirate pictures, now in the making.



Hays To Retain Position

Reports that the movie dynasty established by Will H. Hays is in for a fall and that his power has been curtailed by the allied producers and distributors were scouted as absurd by Cortland Smith, secretary of the board of directors of the American Producers and Distributors' Association.

Rumors which have been current in the screen world for some months that a crisis loomed in the reign of the film emperor gained new impetus with the "rebellion" of Douglas Fairbanks, several days ago, and were seemingly further verified when it was reported that the Famous-Lasky Corporation, former producers of "Fatty" Arbuckle pictures, had refused to lift their ban against the comedian despite the fact that "the Czar" had announced his intention of giving Arbuckle "a chance."

Smith declared rumors that "Hays might be asked to resign or that he was being used as a cat's-paw by the great motion picture corporations were entirely false. He scoffed at statements that action taken by Fairbanks and his combination of stars had caused trouble.

"Mr. Hays signed a contract with the Producers and Distributors on January 17, 1922, the contract to start on March 5, 1922, and continue until March 5, 1925," he declared. "Any talk of Mr. Hays leaving his position until that time is untrue. During the past two years our organization has practically doubled in membership, and I know of no time that there was ever any questioning of a decision made by Mr. Hays.

"As to the Arbuckle matter: There is no room for conflict over that. The Famous-Lasky Corporation wrote the Arbuckle pictures off their books in November, a month before Mr. Hays issued the

statement saying he had decided to permit the comedian to seek a livelihood in his profession.

"In taking this step Mr. Hays simply took a stand that he has taken all along—that he is in no sense a dictator. He did not wish to bar Arbuckle and did not wish to give orders to Famous-Lasky.

"Mr. Hays seeks only to improve and safeguard the standards of the films and to aid the industry."

Smith laughed at stories that there was ill feeling between Fairbanks and Hays and showed a copy of a telegram from the star to the

work in the direction of color harmonies. By placing a mask in the movie camera a blank border around the film would be obtained, and in the laboratory various colors can be stenciled into this border.

Then on the screen there would be the actors as usual, only about them on the four sides of the silver-sheet would be a thin border of color. Human emotions react to colors the same as to music.

Throughout the photoplay there would be a color symphony in keeping with the action of the silent drama, in addition to the usual musical accompaniment.

Tiny Auto Used

The smallest automobile in the world was used in making *A Spooky Romance*. Century comedy, directed by Al Herman. The car used in the picture is the property of Arthur Anderson, and operates under its own power. It is six feet long and goes under the name of a baby Packard, because it has the body of a Packard. The motor, however, is composed of parts from practically every car on the market. The miniature carries extra tires, bumpers, in fact ev-

everything that a regular car would have, and while any normal person can sit in it, use the shift gear and self-starter, yet the entire car weighs five pounds and is two and a half feet high.

Motion-picture distributors in America, for one year from June 1920 to June 1921, paid \$119,023,754.60 in rentals on films.

New York has the largest number of motion-picture theaters of any state in the union—namely: 1,695. Pennsylvania comes next with 1,533; Ohio third with 1,095; and Illinois fourth, with 1,027.



Harold Lloyd in one of the nervous crises in "Safety Last." Harold assures us that there's a giggle for every gasp in this thriller.

movie arbiter which gave the text of Fairbanks' statement issued declaring "reports that I have an unfriendly feeling toward you are untrue."

"If Fairbanks and other stars wish to organize independently I am sure that neither Mr. Hays nor the members of this association have any objection," Smith declared.

Color Music

Color music for motion pictures may be the next development in the cinema art.

Watterson R. Rothacker, film laboratory chain owner, has commissioned a scientist to do research

The Picture of the Month

This is dedicated to the fastidious minority which appreciates delicate characterization rather than broad farce; emotional restraint rather than dramatic abandon.



The Girl I Love

UNITED ARTIST PRODUCTION

A STORY of a great love. In this poignant picture of a tortured heart, Charles Ray reaches dramatic heights which he has never before attained. All the pathos of the James Whitcomb Riley poem has been transferred to the silver screen, intensified by the superb artistry of Ray and a splendid supporting cast.

As the tow-headed country kid who is suddenly endowed with a wholly unwanted adopted sister, only to discover, little by little, that perhaps girls aren't so unnecessary as he had thought, Charles Ray is delightful. His bashful mannerisms and all-boy deviltries give way in time to a more mature charm, as

the responsibility of caring for his mother and foster-sister weigh upon his young shoulders. And with the years, his devotion for the little sister ripens into another sort of affection. He discovers that "a brother's love wuz *one* thing; a *lover's* wuz another."

But with the discovery comes another: the little sister, too, has fallen in love—with another. And to the boy comes the sorrow of seeing his little sweetheart given to another, never guessing how her sisterly kisses torture the heart of her "big brother John."

The adapter of the picture has wisely ended the story here, not weakening its force by the anti-

climatic ending given the poem by Riley. As *John*, Charles Ray proves himself without a peer in the art of emotional restraint and facial control. His characterization of the half-crazed boy is one of the finest pieces of dramatic interpretation in the history of motion pictures.

Patsy Ruth Miller, as *Mary*, the dainty little sister, is altogether splendid. Edythe Chapman, as the mother, and Ramsay Wallace, *Mary's* lover, are equally satisfying.

The Girl I Love comes as a joyous surprise to those friends of Charles Ray who had lamented the lack of distinction in his later pictures. It augurs well for his next production, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

Little Hints

For PLAYGOERS



"RACING HEARTS"
Paramount

A crack-a-jack racing picture, with Agnes Ayres and Richard Dix enveloped in a cloud of dust from start to finish. The up-to-date daughter of a conservative automobile manufacturer sets out to prove to her sire that it pays to advertise. She wins her point, the Vanderbilt Cup race and a brand new, grade-A husband. Agnes is pretty and more capable than usual, while Richard Dix fits into the semi-comedy role very pleasingly indeed. Theodore Roberts and cigar are very much present and Robert Cain makes a nice hissing villain. It's a good picture.

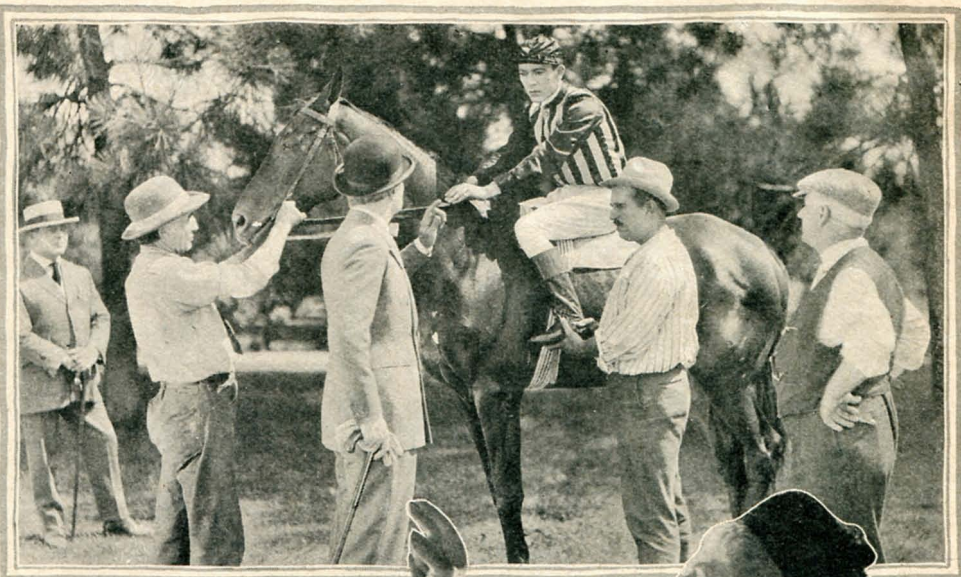
SECRETS OF PARIS— Whitman Bennett

A real thriller. The story involves the love of a Prince and a thief for a beautiful girl of the Paris underworld, whose virtue, of course, remained unstained by her Apache environment. Lew Cody, Gladys Hulette, William Collier, Jr., Montagu Love and Dolores Cassinelli form a splendid cast, whose excellent work triumphs over a rather disjointed continuity. Not for children.



GARRISON'S FINISH— Allied Producers

After a longdrawn beginning and a touch or two that stretches the credulity, Jack Pickford and his horse are off in a cloud of dust, flicked with drama, to a smashing climax. Of course you know all along how it's going to end—that the young jockey will redeem himself and win the race—who wouldn't with Madge Bellamy holding a kiss as reward?—and that his poor old Mother just scrubs the floor because the director told her to. A composite of all the old horse-racing pictures of the cinematic past; the surprising thing about the picture is that you find yourself liking it. For it is unquestionably well done, this surefire hokum of the track, and Jack displays his pantomimic gifts to better advantage than at any time in his career. If he keeps up this tempo, they're liable to quit calling him "Mary's Little Brother." Furthermore, the racing scenes are authentic—which is more than we can say for most pictures of the track.



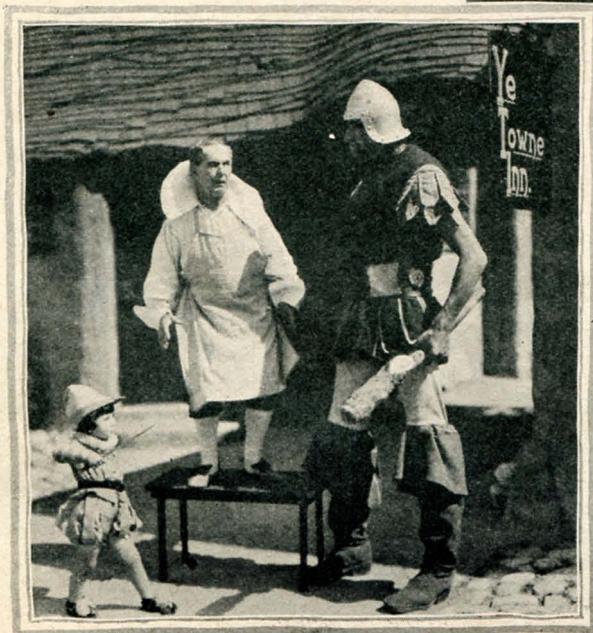
JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK—Century

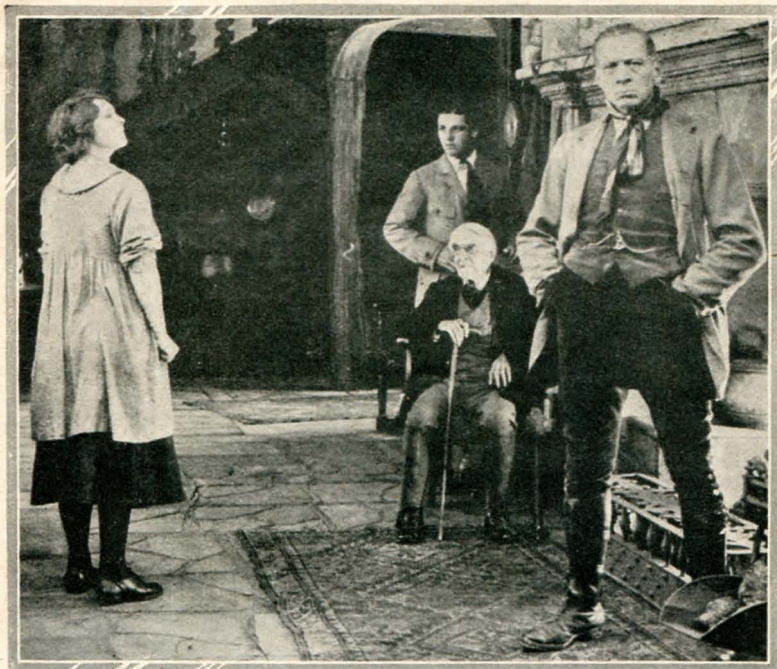
Another little gem for juvenilia is Baby Peggy's second fairy-tale comedy. The beloved tale of Jack and the Beanstalk steps from the thumbed pages of the old book and lives again to delight the young in the persons of quaint little Peggy-Jack and the perfectly ferocious giant. With each new picture the diminutive Peggy shows an amazing progression and is fast acquiring the hauteur of a Naldi. Papa Century deserves a whole sack full of gold medals for this series.



THE CHRISTIAN—Goldwyn

Pictorial beauty alone would make this picture one well worth standing in line to see. Maurice Tourneur has given scene after beautiful scene, so poignantly beautiful in setting as to hurt. The scene in the monastery chapel, where JOHN STORM takes the solemn vows of a monk, is a delight to the artistic soul. Richard Dix gives a fine portrayal of John Storm, the Christian, for which give him credit. It must have been a severe test of dramatic ability for such a full-blooded, young chap as Dix to achieve a convincing characterization of the ascetic. Mae Busch is interesting, though a bit hart, for whom Storm broke his vows.





"TANSY"—Burr Nickle rod.

As a motion picture drama, "Tansy" is an excellent scenic. For sheer beauty, some of the long shots, showing a great flock of snowy sheep moving over a typical English landscape, have not been excelled in any picture. But as a story it fails to stimulate the imagination. It is a perfect specimen of the Mary J. Holmes English romance, in which the poor girl marries the rich lord, after many trials. The atmosphere is certainly English. The best actor is the shepherd dog, Arabella, who rather takes honors away from Alma Taylor.

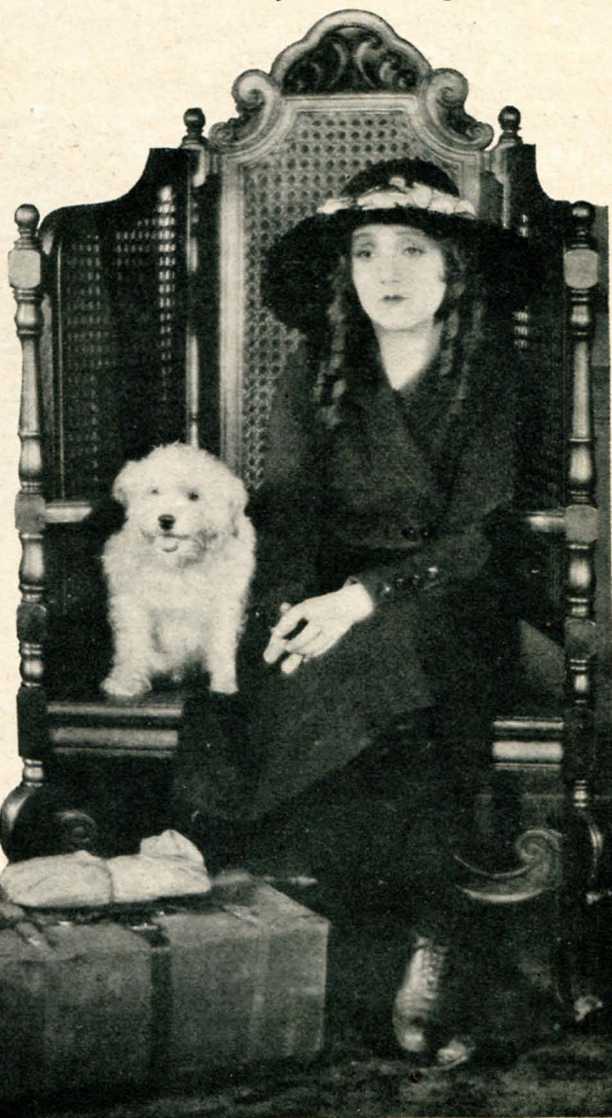


GIMME—GOLDWYN

A sermon in five reels. Like most such, the collection would be larger if the sermon were shorter. The text sets out to prove that Satan finds some evil yet for busted wives to do. Helene Chadwick is pleasing as the young wife who discovers that "a woman who lives with a man earns every cent she can get from him."

ONE WEEK OF LOVE —Selznick.

Contrary to the title, love does not provide the thrills in this tale, but rather a series of marvellous stunts. The w. k. shiek story gets a new angle in this picture; an American kinsman to the desert despot gives a rich flapper a week of the strong-armed Arab's treatment. Conway Tearle's characterization is as vivid as Elaine Hammerstein's isn't.

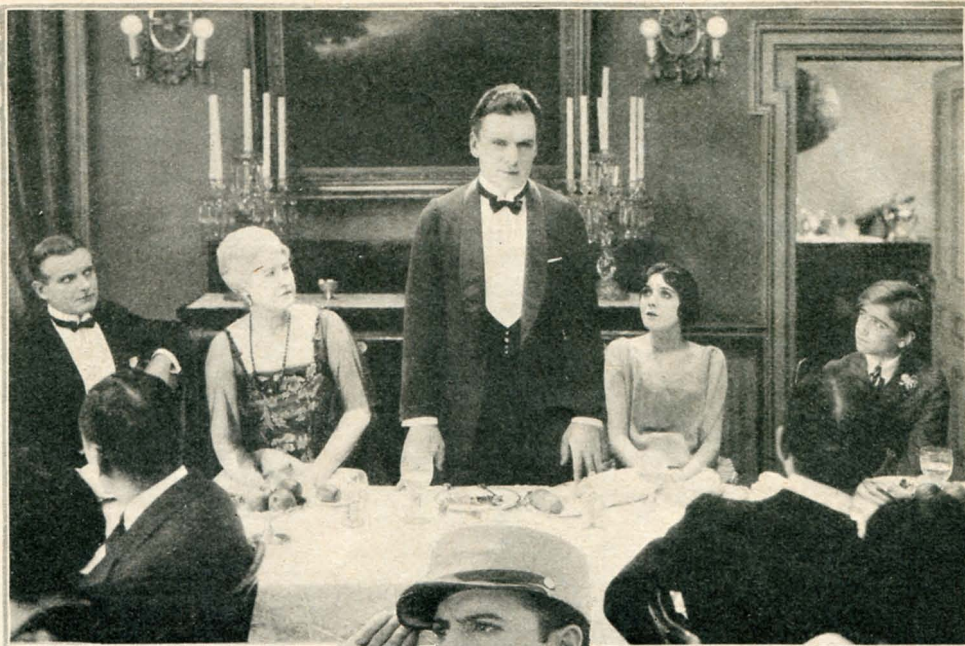


PEG O' MY HEART—Metro

Laurette Taylor makes her screen debut in her own famous stage play, "Peg O' My Heart," romping through it as a rather intriguing combination of Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge and Laurette herself. She is not quite camera-wise yet, and the picture had its stagey moments, but Laurette Taylor, if she chooses to follow a screen career will undoubtedly win a secure place for herself. The play interests in spite of its familiarity and its obviousness.

BACK HOME AND BROKE—Paramount

If you've ever had wild dreams of making a few millions, buying up the town and fading out with the best girl, you'll spot yourself as the hero in this sprightly tale. It is told with all the humor of the author, George Ade. Some of the situations creak with old age but Thomas Meighan smooths them over until the fun begins. A fine film for the whole family.



AS A MAN LIVES— American Releasing Corp.

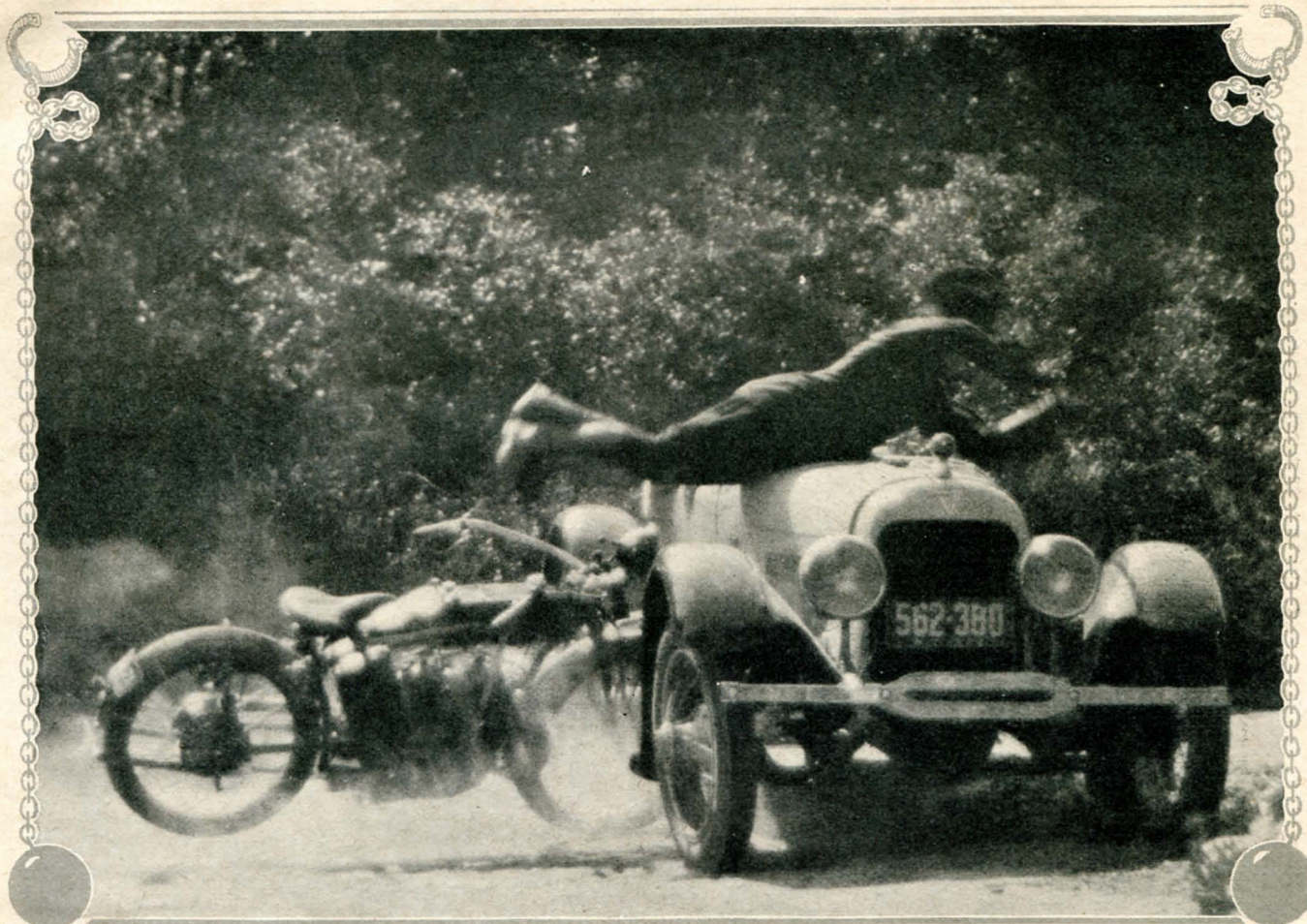
A production that strengthens the conviction that the movies are still in their infancy. The plot is based on the old saying that a man's face reflects his mode of living. The development of the story is stupid and unconvincing. The only thing that makes you sit through the picture is Robert Frazer's resemblance to Valentino.



THE HERO

—B. P. Schulberg

Find the hero. This picture gives you food for thought, a couple of heroes of entirely different ilk—take your choice—and two lovely ladies for heroines. Barbara La Mar, in spite of about fifteen pounds of excess weight, is as lovely a creature as the movie suns shine on. She doesn't have a chance to dress up, for it is a small town play, but—watch that woman. Doris Pawn does some pretty good emoting as the betrayed Belgian girl, by whom the pseudo-hero, Gaston Glass, "Does right" in the end. Frankie Lee is in it, too, as Barbara's son, but John Sainpolis, that splendid character actor of "Four Horsemen" fame, walks away with the acting honors, in his marvelously real characterization of the insurance agent, loving, but commonplace husband and father—an every day life's real hero. Gaston Glass will bear watching, too, for that twinkle in his eye will always offset any devilishness he may be guilty of, and flappers and grandmothers alike will adore him. Eve Unsell made a splendid adaptation of Gilbert Emery's successful stage play.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO BY DONALD BIDDLE KEYES

Leo Nomis putting the punch in *Manslaughter* by driving his motorcycle smash into a racing motor car.

Real HEROES of the Screen

*All Honor to the Stunt Man; He Risks His Life
and Never Gets a Close-Up*

A GREAT crowd had assembled when the word went 'round that a stunt-man, doubling for Bill Desmond, was to perform a dangerous feat. Skimming gracefully against a cloudless blue sky, soared an aeroplane, a rope ladder dangling. Along the track rushed a railroad train, its hungry wheels eating up the miles. A figure was dimly discernible atop a string of flat-cars, poised for a spring.

The plane dipped, the man reached, missed, caught the ladder and swung, like a pendulum, back and forth, etched against the placid sky. A great, unanimous breath of relief. He had made it!

But something went wrong. The

plane swerved, spun crazily and crashed to earth, the man crumpling beneath its weight like black paper crushed in a ruthless hand. The cry hushed, as the awed crowd surrounded the pitiful heap, dragged from the wreckage.

The man had but a few hours to live—that was certain. What would he do, what epochal thing would he say? The scene had a certain psychological interest. But Jean Perkins, the dare-devil stunt man, didn't say anything of interest to future generations.

He merely—asked for a cigaret!

And when, next day, his death was announced, nobody wrote any memorable eulogies of him; only

his intimate friends sent flowers to his bier.

He wasn't a star. Just a life crushed out in its prime—he was but thirty-five—just another "double" who had given his all that the audience might enjoy a thrill second-hand.

YOU who was elated over the dashing heroes of the screen, pause for a moment in your rhapsodies and contemplate the heroic deeds of the one man to whom is given no credit: the stunt-man.

Few stars actually perform the hazardous feats that the scripts call for. When you see your favorite screen idol leap blithely from a



PHOTO BY RICHEL

Leo Nomis is one of the most daring of the stunt men. Swinging from an airplane onto a racing express train merely gives Leo a good appetite for his wife's steak dinners.

What of these modest fellows who get the game without the name? At least, they must be in it for the game, as they certainly get little else out of it except the fun of risking their necks, their exploits to go down in anonymity. Their salary is by no means commensurate with the chances that they take with their lives—Such stunt men usually received around \$150 a week. And remember, their employment is not continuous.

Some, however, are more astute in striking bargains. Leo Nomis, injects thrills into many Paramount pictures, demands \$500 a stunt, even though it take but a few minutes to perform.

"But I spend hours and sometimes days beforehand getting all set," Leo told me. He's a likeable young fellow of thirty, is Leo, and the proud father of a ten-month-old wonder named Stratton—who, according to papa Leo, is most emphatically *not* going to be raised to be a stunt man. "Some fellows trust to luck—and they're the ones that usually 'go West'. I go over the ground thoroughly, plan every bit of the stunt. And I'm boss."

He is. I've seen the highest-paid screen director, a man who just thrives on puttees and megaphones and importance, before whom everybody quakes in fear—standing at the side and ordering things fixed the way Leo says. Because he realizes that should something go wrong and the man be killed—well, it not only would be hard on the chap's wife and kiddies, but it would be poor publicity. To be sure, though, some of the directors are actuated by humane kindness in the consideration that they give these skilled performers. When Leo did his memorable stunt of riding his motorcycle smash into a car for "Manslaughter", he had Cecil DeMille's word of honor that, should he be killed, his wife and baby would be cared for.

"Aw, that wasn't much," said Leo modestly. "But I had to calculate my distance and speed accurately. Had I gone too slow, I'd

have just been mangled up with the wreckage. I had to make a speed of forty-five at the moment of colliding with the car so as to be hurtled over it by the force of the impact. They had re-inforced the car with steel beams so's it wouldn't skid and I'd hurl over. All I got was a wrench of the knee, a twist of the collar-bone and some lacerations. Pretty tame, that."

One evening I watched Leo turn a plane over and land it upside-down for a Gloria Swanson picture. Before he went up I cautioned him to remember his sensations so that I might transcribe faithfully them.

When he crawled out from under the wreckage, I hastened up, notebook in hand.

"What'd I feel as I came down, with my eyes lookin' up at the clouds?" he grinned. "Somethin' important, lady. I kept wonderin' if my wife would have lemon-pie for supper."

And what of these wives who sit at home, patiently waiting for news? These men are refused by the insurance companies, owing to their dangerous habits of life. They are able to carry no protection for their loved ones. So at home their wives wait, listening for the telephone, yet dreading its summons with its possible message of death. When it comes—the loved voice saying, "Everything's all right and gosh,

(Continued on page 89)



Ray Thompson, better known as "Red," who weekly risks his life in dare-devil stunts in the films.

lofty cliff into a swift stream below, the chances are ten to one that a humble stunt man is really performing the dangerous leap.

Stars with large "followings" are much too valuable property to be permitted to risk their lives and looks unnecessarily.

Hence, when the script calls for a horse and rider to roll precipitately down a cliff, an auto to jump a wide chasm, or for some thrilling aeroplane stuff, the handsome star stays at home and manicures his nails while a double performs the deed. The long-shots show the double, dressed in the hero's clothes, while the star steps prettily forward to receive the fainting heroine in his arms for the close-up.

The stars are not to blame for wearing the mantle of glory won by another man; often they are brave and willing enough but their producers won't let them risk spoiling the afore-mentioned eyebrows and cupid's-bow lips. Tom Mix, for instance, performs all the hazardous stunts that you see in his pictures. But another star in Westerns—a man famed for the daring of his exploits who is now in temporary retirement—actually does none of these things himself, owing to the fact, not generally known, that his age is over the sixty mark.



What Every Husband Knows *Helpful Hints for Wives*

By NORMAN SELBY
(Kid McCoy)

Kid McCoy, former middle-weight champion and now a Fox featured player, speaks with authority on matrimonial matters. The kid has been eight times married . . . and he is only fifty, with the world full of beautiful women

THE WISE husband will choose a wife ten years younger than he. But if it's a toss-up between an old one and a young one, I'll take the chicken.

Happiness in married life? Who looks for continual happiness? When the charm, the novelty, has worn off there's always another candidate waiting somewhere. Men don't marry for life companions, any more—they marry for sweethearts, to be amused. When a wife ceases to be interesting, why prolong the agony?

You ask should a wife be a sweetheart or a pal? A wife must be everything to her man—sweetheart, pal, mother, vampire—if she expects to retain his love. She has to be versatile.

No single-purposed woman could ever hold my love. Man has many moods, many demands, and all have to be satisfied. If one woman can't qualify in general utility, there are always others.

I LIKE brilliant women who can talk intelligently about the world's events, and not just ape their husband's opinions or else nag him to death. A fellow doesn't want to be ashamed of his wife, but likes other men to admire her too. He wants to be envied the possession of so much beauty and wit. But when a wife has a career, it should lie in

The wise husband will choose a wife ten years younger than he. But if it's a toss-up between an old one and a young one, I'll take the chicken.

A wife must be everything to her man—pal, sweetheart, mother and vampire.

Harping jealousy will kill love quicker than anything else.

Take wives as they come. You train a perfect blossom—and some other guy comes along and picks it.

Men don't marry for life any more. When a wife ceases to be interesting, why prolong the agony?

the same profession as her husband follows, or should be closely allied to it.

For instance, lots of times when I have taken my homewomen wives (one at a time, of course) out to dinner, I'd meet women of my acquaintance whom my wives had never met. Often I'd even forgotten their names—a fellow meets so many women—but would remember their faces. Well, they'd probably say, "Hello, Kid, how's the dear boy?" using those little pet phrases flung over the shoulder which mean nothing.

But could I convince my wives they meant nothing? Not by a long shot! When I'd disclaim any memory of the woman, the wife would say, "Now, don't hand me any of that stuff!" and wreck

the party with her own jealousy.

That's why I say a wife should follow her husband's profession, if she must have a profession. If she has no career of her own, she should interest herself in her husband's career and in his friends.

And good God! they mustn't nag. Harping jealousy will kill love quicker than anything.

I SUPPOSE the ideal age for matrimony is from eighteen to twenty-eight. But I'm fifty and have lots of good years ahead of me. And the world is full of beautiful women.

Once I started out to raise a girl to be the perfect wife. She was the sweetest little kid, about twelve. But her mother made her marry a banker—after I'd spent lots of money training her so she'd be just the kind of a wife I wanted. After that, I decided I'd take 'em as they come, even though they lack perfection. You train a perfect blossom—and some other guy comes along and picks it.

My first wife was Lottie Piehler. She was eighteen and a homewoman. I was only twenty-one then.

My second wife was also my third and fourth mate. She was Julia Woodruff, a stage-star, and a mighty nice little girl.

Wife No. 5 was Indianola
(Continued on page 99)

What Every Wife Knows

Some Sidelights On Matrimony

By CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



THE IDEAL age for a husband is two years old.

The ideal age for any male is two or three years. I love boy-babies. But they grow up and become men. And then. . . .

People say I am a cynic, where marriage is concerned. I admit it. I am a cynic, not alone because I have failed to find complete happiness in marriage, but because I have seen so many marital ships go on the rocks.

But if one must marry, I believe the best age is between thirty and thirty-five. That applies for both the husband and wife.

No girl under thirty knows her own mind. And very young men are too occupied with having a good time, or too selfishly interested in their business careers to take matrimony seriously. And Heaven knows, marriage is a serious business.

We change so as we grow older. The boys and girls we admire intensely in High School we would never look at twice in later life.

Youth is covered with a sheer mantle of romance, which Experience rends to tatters. When that romantic veil is lowered and we look life in the face, we learn values; we learn the art of judgment. We realize that the kind of love we feel in youth is not dependable.

Marriage resulting from a momentary flash of desire, lacking the

The ideal age for any male is two years old. I love boy-babies, but they grow up and become men. And then. . . .

I am a cynic about marriage. But if one must marry, the best age for both husband and wife is between thirty and thirty-five.

Nagging is the curse of matrimony.

Love is undependable. It is a flame; it flares high; *pouf*, it is gone!

true spirit of camaraderie, cannot last. The early passion is beautiful but transient; it passes, burning itself out like the ashes of a cigaret.

The successful marriage must come to fruit gradually as the bloom of a long understanding.

THE woman who relies upon her physical attractions solely to retain her husband's love, is foredoomed to a bitter awakening. Once he has attained his desire he loses interest in her. But if she builds upon the firm ground of respect and understanding, waiting until she is of a mature age before taking the fatal step, there is more chance for happiness.

There should be no great difference in the ages of the husband and wife. When I married James

Young, I was but 19 and my husband was many years my senior. A marriage between a man and a girl separated by a wide gulf of years can have no happy fulfillment.

As a man grows older, he seeks the homespun paths. He has seen the world, has tasted of its joys. And now he prefers to sit by the fire in his slippers, his evening paper gradually falling at his side as he snores.

A young wife does not get many thrills out of the evening paper and hubby's snores.

The man is not to blame. Neither is the girl, frivolous, eager for life's pleasures as youth must be always. It is just that they are mismated. For that reason, I believe that more mature couples have a greater chance for happiness, and that there should be but little difference in their ages.

One of the greatest causes of marital unhappiness is the young wife's eagerness to submerge her own personality in her husband's.

Woman is no longer a chattel. She is an individual.

By that I do not mean that I approve of the woman who renounces her femininity for a manish pose. Such women are detestable. But the American woman of today may be individually herself, with a soul and a brain of her own,

(Continued on page 98)

Why Fido Leaves Home?

*He Makes Good Money
in the Movies*



Camisole, nicknamed Cameo for short, is of the famous "lingerie" family. He is a son of Teddy, the famous Sennett dog. One of his brothers is named Knickerbocker, Cameo is a \$200.00 a week doggie.

Cheeko has one of the nicest dispositions around Hollywood. He could win a popularity contest any day. Cheeko earns ten dollars every day he works in pictures.



Scotty is providing the proper salt-sea atmosphere for Maurice Tourneur's picture, "The Isle of Dead Ships," but he has done extra work lots and lots of times before. He has a "line" that would do credit to a long-shoreman. He gets \$10 a day.



If you're tired of working for a living, train up a dog like Teddy, the Mack Sennett Canine wonder. Teddy draws a salary of \$275.00 each and every week for his master. Every six months Teddy goes to the dentist and every two months to the chiropodist, to have his paws attended to and his nails manicured!



Josephine registers ennui. Josephine earns \$25 for every day and is carried around in a velvet-lined basket. But after all, life was more exciting when she accompanied an organ grinder around the streets.



Bruno is not an extra. He plays 'bits', if you please, and is a high-salaried actor. \$50.00 a day is his salary. Bruno is chummy as can be with his fellow-stars, especially if an occasional lump of sugar is forthcoming.



Lancaster Mike and Lancaster Spike — or maybe it's the other way round — are two of the fastest racing English grayhounds in the west. They are very exclusive and associate only with stars and directors, on the set. Anna Q. Nilsson induced them to pose for this picture.



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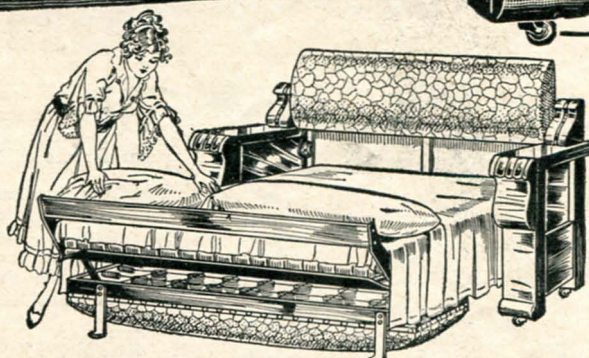
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A Luxurious Divan by Day with the Bed-Davenport closed as in large illustration. Heavily padded, luxuriously upholstered, massive construction, elegant Colonial design.

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Bogus Movies

(Continued from page 37)

films which will be reissued, revised and doctored and put back upon the market again. Some of these will undoubtedly be renamed, new titles inserted, and wished on the public as "brand new" subjects.

The reissuance of old films under new titles has been declared unfair business practice by the Federal Trade Commission in a complaint issued against the Signet Film Co., Incorporated. This concern, too, makes its headquarters in New York. It seems that the commission took particular exception of the fact that this outfit was showing films previously exhibited under other titles, as new pictures and not making any mention of the fact that the photoplays were reissues.

Nearly every exhibitor is well acquainted with the film market. His eyes are open when he "buys" his entertainment from the "whole-sale" man. If he wants to give you quality for the money you spend with him he won't try to wish "warmed-over" photoplays on you. If the dollar sign hangs in front of his nose and he can't see any further then——

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

—he'll probably exploit the most popular player in the cast of the old stuff in such a way that unless you are careful you will get what the "honey tender" got—STUNG!

Watch the list that SCREENLAND will print very carefully of the names of photoplays to "watch out for." You will save yourself time and money if you do.

In the next "Monkey Gland Movies" article I am going to tell you about some experiences with an outfit who tried to sell stock to promote their "film doctoring" organization. Maybe you have received a letter from one of these companies telling you how quickly you can "double" your money. If you have you will be doubly interested in the expose. If you haven't you will want to guard yourself against being "hooked" for a sucker. Watch for it.

It is said William S. Hart contemplates ropin' his way into the "Follies," according to report.

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The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Real Heroes of the Screen

(Continued from page 83)

but I'm hungry," the suspense is over—until next day.

"Aw, my wife's a good sport—she doesn't worry," these chaps all say. But they can't tell me those women don't have their hours of agony when they pray for the safety of the father of their children—who is out risking his life that a pinkchecked hero may win applause.

Leo Nomis specializes in auto stuff, racing, skidding cars, collisions, driving machines over 100-foot cliffs, and in aeroplane thrills and parachute jumps. Only once has he failed to make a plane behave, upon which occasion, contrary to all Leo's expectations, the darn thing got apoplexy or something, fell four thousand feet and settled, upside down, with Leo blissfully unconscious beneath it. But he suffered only a broken nose—and when they pulled him out and brought him back to consciousness with a sip of the good and reliable, he wanted to do the stunt over again before he lost his temper!

JEAN PERKINS, the man who gave his life that you might enjoy a momentary thrill, also specialized in aeroplane feats, while Ray "Red" Thompson does hair-raising stunts on horses. His most notable achievement was riding his horse at breakneck speed over a bridge two feet wide, 130 feet long, suspended over a chasm ninety feet deep. The bridge swayed so perilously and was so insecure that no one would attempt it on foot, but "Red" and his trusty mount danced nimbly over it to safety. In *The Toll Gate*, he allowed himself to be tied securely and thrown from a train going at sixty miles an hour, and in *Quincy Adams Sawyer* he did a roll on horseback down a steep cliff, diving into the water.

Most of these dare-devils have had adventurous careers, "Red" Thompson was a jockey and circus-performer. Leo Nomis for several years did high-diving water stunts and parachute-drops at festivals.

And they are not a superstitious bunch, none of them carrying any luck charms. "Red's" philosophy sums up their attitude: "If you make it, your wife cooks you an extra-thick steak for dinner. And

Let me tell you about the remarkable discovery which removed my superfluous hair at once—then forever

To look at my face today—to see my skin as free from hair as a baby's and as clear and rosy looking as that of a young girl—you would not believe that I was once literally a "bearded woman" with hair on cheeks, chin and lips, and with a skin coarse and blemished.



numerous ways to relieve the condition—even the painful electric needle.

Now I want every woman who suffers from unsightly, embarrassing hair growths, to know about this discovery which removes the hair at once, and with a few applications removes it permanently. I want to tell women how they can use this method themselves, in the privacy of their homes, and prove, without risking a penny, that it is all I claim for it.

I say that this discovery will remove superfluous hair *permanently*, and that it is the *only* method that I know of which will do this.

The discovery which Science brought to me is unlike anything else you have ever tried. It is not a powder, not a paste, not a wax, not a liquid, not a razor, not electrolysis. It causes no pain—no burning, no itching, no scarring. It not only removes the hair—it gives the skin a new beauty—makes it soft, clear, rosy, free from pimples, roughness and other blemishes. It does not have to be applied by a beauty specialist. You use it yourself. It's the simplest, easiest way you can imagine.

My Free Book Tells the Secret—Send for It

I have written a book which tells how I came to discover this amazing method and how any woman can get rid of superfluous hair, and know that it is permanently gone. Don't send a penny—don't make any promise. Just write to me. The book is free. A post card brings it.

Address Annette Lanzette, care Hygienic Laboratories, Dept. 54, 204 S. Peoria Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Woman's Experience

The transformation has been marvelous—all through a truly wonderful discovery of Science which immediately banished every vestige of the hair and gave me this perfect complexion. This, after I had suffered from embarrassing hair growths for years, and tried

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A sea tale with the tang of the fresh, salt breeze. Scenes of rare and wondrous beauty in a romance that will make you thrill and cheer. Watch for this picture and watch for the *First National* trademark on the screen at your theatre. It is the sign of the ultimate in pictures, both in artistry and entertainment.



"You try to steal
my girl! D..you!"



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If you are worried, discontented and skimping along from day to day, simply because you are not earning enough to cover your immediate needs and lay some away for a rainy day, then I will, providing you mean business, and are energetic, teach you our Art Painting work of Landscapes and Portraits, in ten lessons by mail and start you in the Studio Painting business right at home. No experience necessary, outfit furnished, anyone can learn. \$3000 to \$6000 yearly. Only table room required. No muss or dirt. Clean, pleasant work. Free literature.

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Real Heroes of the Screen

(Continued from page 89)

if you don't, they say, 'Don't he look natural?' and stick a 'Rest in Peace' wreath on your chest. It's all a gamble—but say, how'd us fellers look sittin' at home readin' poetry?"

Of them all, "Red" alone has never been injured. Though he has spent seven years doing perilous stunts for the camera and served in the worst fighting of the World War, his natty little red mustache has never been misplaced nor has the laughter in his blue eyes ever been dimmed by pain.

Leo Nomis rode his motorcycle smash-into a racing car for the "punch" in *Manslaughter*. In *Intolerance* and other spectacles he did difficult "back falls" off of high walls and buildings. He has turned innumerable planes over, swung from trains to rope ladders suspended from aeroplanes, and made parachute drops. While riding his motorcycle in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, he roped a steer; but the rope broke, dragging him about the field, tangled up in his motorcycle, and severely lacerating his legs.

"Red" Thompson has done many falls, rolling his horse over and over down hills—being the first man to prove to producers that a horse could be "fallen" without shooting the poor beast, for which the League of Equines should give him a fancy embroidered glass saddle. Once he jumped from a high trestle into a machine going at the gentle clip of sixty miles an hour, landing nonchalantly on the back seat and lighting a cigaret.

In *All the Brothers Were Valiant*, for Metro, he jumped from a boat to the back of a whale that didn't seem eager to be killed, speared it with a lance and, when it went under, spouting geysers of blood, dived into the water infested with sharks, swimming among them for two hundred yards before being picked up.

Who, I ask you, are the real heroes of the films? The stars? Or these brave lads, unsung, ungrieved, woefully underpaid, who risk their lives—and give them—that you may have a thrill? Valiant to the last, asking only for a cigaret when the breath is ebbing from their crushed bodies—the real heroes who never achieve a close-up.



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Four on the Mountain

(Continued from page 53)



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first real chance to show his ability as an actor outside of his "type."

With *The Girl I Love Ray* leaps far up the mountainside. He joins the lonely, illustrious company of Douglas and Mary and the other Charlie. If *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is what he hopes and believes it will be, Charles Ray will be as great as the greatest of the three others on the mountain.

Of Charles Ray in *The Girl I Love*, Mary Pickford said to the writer: "I know many who believe Charles Ray is the greatest actor on the screen. I am beginning to believe them. I have never seen a greater piece of acting than his in the buggy scene, where he is about to propose and learns that Mary is to marry Willie Brown."

The "buggy scene" will make motion picture history. The camera is on Ray's face steadily during the entire transition from shy, expectant happiness in his proposal to Mary, his adopted sister, to abject despair. There are no cut-backs, to give him a chance to pass from one degree of emotion to another, from

stunned incredulity to disbelief, from disbelief to realization, then to despair, then to the determination that Mary must not know, then finally to heartbreaking pretense of joy in her news. All this time Mary with bent head is telling the story of her proposal from Willie Brown and fails to see the pitiful effect.

AND so we find the four on the mountainside, only one of them hesitant, only one afraid to take the big leap, out of "type" into "art." One is apparently lazy, tired after his big successes, rather indifferent; one is abundantly energetic, bent on making every picture "the greatest picture ever produced"; the fourth is brave and almost humble in his sudden accession to the proud eminence, prayerful that he will not stumble back down the mountainside, or that, if he does, he can climb up again.

And the searchlights of public interest play about them relentlessly. And there is so little time to dawdle.

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The Fattest Girl in the Movies

(Continued from page 48)

hard labor. She can dance, however; fat people are proverbially light on their feet. But it is so difficult for an ordinary-sized male partner to get a leverage on her. And as he cannot see around her, dancing is just one crash after another unless Katie picks her partner up under her arm and leads herself.

One of the pioneers to the silver-screen, she appeared in many of Mary Pickford's early pictures, also with Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello and in those inimitable John Bunny-Flora Finch comedies. Throughout the years her avoirdupois has been her call of "Open Sesame" and the doors of the studios have swung wide at her entrance—when they could. And when even so the gap remained inadequate, the doors were removed from their hinges that Kate Price might walk in and sign on the dotted line while beautiful, slim young things gnashed their teeth in the outer offices.

"I should worry," Katie sums up the tribulations of the fattest girl in pictures, "'tis lots of fun, an' what's a bruise or two, a busted chair or head, whin you make folks laugh an' forget their troubles?"

For Katie, you see, is a philosophical soul and multiplies her chuckles along with her avoirdupois.

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How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days

A husband's story of the fulfillment of a life-long wish—by a new, easy, spare-time method which has brought the joy of music into thousands of silent homes.

FROM boyhood, I vowed that if ever I had a home of my own there would be music in it. No wife for me unless she could play some instrument, and play it well. My new home must have no dull, bored evenings, no monotonous Sunday afternoons. I wanted the gaiety, the mental and physical stimulus, the whole-hearted, genuine joy of music. No girl could capture me without the lure of musical skill.

But one day Beth came along, knowing not one note from another, yet with a merry humming tune forever on her lips, and a song in her heart for me. And Beth is Mrs. Taylor today. A piano graced our new home, but somehow the old vow was forgotten, and stayed forgotten until Jimmy Jr., and Beth No. 2 were quite some youngsters.

Then along about the time the novelty of parenthood began to wear off a bit, the old vow came back. And one evening I spoke out with a suddenness that surprised me, "Beth, I'd give a hundred dollars if you could play something—a piano, violin, banjo, ukulele—something, anything." Beth looked so hurt I was immediately ashamed of myself, so I said no more, and the matter dropped, as I thought regretfully, forever.

About three month later I got home early one night, and I heard the old dead piano come to life—sounded good, too, first a little jazzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. "Company to supper; I wonder who?" I thought; and I crept to the parlor door to see. There at the piano was Beth playing, and the two kiddies beating time. She saw me, and stopped, "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found out"—"Found out what?" I said. Beth began to cry. "I know!" Jimmy, Jr. piped up, "Mother, found out the way to learn music just like I am learning to read in school—only lots easier."

Well, that little musical party lasted all the evening. It was a howling success. When the kiddies had gone singing to bed, my wife showed me the marvelous new method by which she had learned to play in three months' spare time.

Jimmy Jr. had told the truth; the method was so simple and easy that anyone at all from 8 years up could learn by it. By this method the U. S. School of

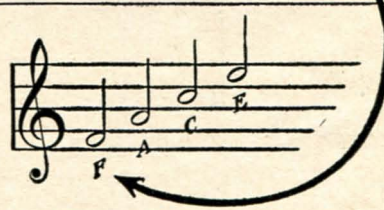
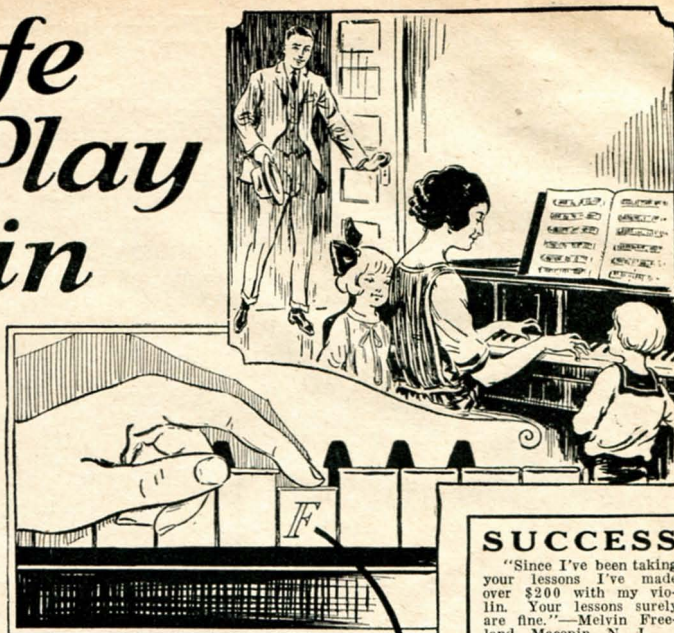
Music, the largest in the world, has already trained over three hundred thousand people, teaching the playing of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school-child learns to read. But very much faster because older children and grown people have better trained minds, and know how to study and think.

When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, c-a-t, m-a-n. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, "cat," "man." By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole expressions, like "up the steps," "on the train," no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately, at one instant, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form.

This skill in seeing units develops until you see and know as units hundreds of long familiar phrases; and it is even entirely possible, if you wish, to easily increase your reading speed four or five times the average, grasping paragraph thoughts complete, sensing a whole page instantly, recognizing every part, registering and remembering all, with your pleasure exactly the same as the slower reader.

The same easy understanding and complete enjoyment is similarly a part of the new way. The alphabet of music follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling the notes together correctly. The first note on the staff above is F. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell "face." Certain strings on mandolin, certain keys on piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of acting what you see.

And here is where "familiar phrases" come in—the "big secret." It is so simple you probably have already guessed it. The "familiar phrases" of music are its harmonies. Just as you instantly recognize the countless phrases of speech, so the relatively few of music are quickly a habit with you. You play almost before you realize it—and every step is real fun, fascinating, simple, interesting, almost too good to be true.



Remember, neither my wife nor most of the 300,000 other musicians trained by this method knew anything about music. Beth mastered the piano; she could just as easily have mastered anything else. Jimmy, Jr., is now taking up violin, and my daughter is learning singing. Right at home, no costly teacher, no classes at inconvenient hours, no useless study and practice. No numbers, no tricks, no make-shifts. But instead a sound musical education learning by notes. The intricacies of music reduced to a most amazing simplicity able to develop the inborn talent which is a part of every person on this earth.

When I told Beth I was writing this out to put in a magazine, she told me to be sure and say that the school will gladly send a free book explaining everything, called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and that right now there is a special short-time Reduced Price Offer being made to music lovers. The book is free, asking for it obligates you not at all—but you should send for it right away before all copies have been gone.

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They Stepped on the Gas

(Continued from page 57)

speedometer up to thirty-seven miles an hour. Five days in jail (excuse us, school) and a cunning little cell were assigned to Edythe, who now knows more about dishwashing, mopping, sewing and the repression that is art than ever before. And it didn't cost her a cent.

OTHER well-known names are limned on the school roster, including that of a teacher of dramatics in the Hollywood High School, who took a two-days post-graduate course. Mary Miles Minter did her speeding just a few days before the seminary opened, and thus missed its valuable training, being let off with a fine. Imagine Mary Miles in a calico apron, massaging a corridor floor! The thought saddens us.

Since Judge Chambers acquired his phobia against the burning up of the public highways, other stars have gone through the preliminaries that entitle them to a course of instruction. But a sad lack of appreciation of a good education caused them to give the speed cop an alias, skip home prayerfully and forfeit their bail.

But not all of the celluloid Sallies registered high enough in the Binet test to think up this simple subterfuge. Hence, when Marianne La Divine "regrets" your invitation to tea, don't be huffed; she may be holding a tea of her own—in the county jail.

It may or may not interest you to know that before becoming a comedian, Al St. John was employed as a life guard.

It is said that D. W. Griffith's new picture, "The White Rose," will be somewhat on the order of "One Exciting Night."

Bert Lytell is to star in the screen version of George M. Cohan's stage play, "The Meanest Man in the World."

Miss Mabel Normand, film star, has returned from England. She had been abroad since December. There were rumors among the passengers that Miss Normand either had become engaged or had been married while abroad. To these rumors Miss Normand replied with a merry chuckle.



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Revelations of a Press Agent

(Continued from page 43)

a credulous public that Theda Bara was born in the shadow of the Sphinx on the Sahara desert, of Arabian and Spanish parentage. As a matter of fact, Theda Bara, whose name was Esther Goodman, was born in the shadows of the Cincinnati Pyramids and her name is a combination of the words Arab and Death.

Polly, who was clever, used to help me manufacture yarns about herself. She read the newspapers and magazines for the names of bizarre places and romantic peoples, so that they might serve as pegs to hang our pleasant fancies upon. When an obscure Austrian was shot by a playful duelist, we immediately got into the papers with a gory story of how Polly had been engaged to him once, and that the duel was in reality about her. We got by with murder in those days, and strangely enough never had a libel suit. Polly had in her manufactured past an affair with the Russian Czar, hinted at so broadly that Main Street's crassest dumb-bell couldn't miss the identity of the supposed victim of her charms; the ruler of Luxemburg had given her a ten-carat diamond; had been the mistress of a French count, who had murdered his wife when she objected to the intrigue; a matador in Madrid served to keep her in practise until a peevish senorita tried to vivisect her with a stiletto.

The thing I hate to remember about my playing God with Polly's past is that it over-stimulated her imagination, and she developed a craving for the very life she was supposed to have led. She early became anathema to all the women, of course, even in Hollywood, for there is no more credulous colony in the world than our own little sophisticated movie center. We believe in nothing—and give ear to every rumor. There was nothing for Polly to do but to play around with men, men who more than half believed everything that was printed about her. It tickled her vanity to be called a siren, and she hated to acknowledge her purity to these men who were giving her admiration because of her supposed immorality. She became a victim to pub-

licity—and eventually became so depraved that it showed up in her work and she lost out completely. Innocent, she looked the perfect vamp; immoral, she looked the hag. I am sorry about Polly.

Thus began my life of crime. I have since press-agented every sort of player from Norma Talmadge down to the dog with the human brain. I have worked in the publicity department of almost every studio in Hollywood and the east, and have at times broken away from studios to represent a star on tour or merely as her personal publicity representative.

I envy the dog with the human brain, about which I have written so convincingly. The dog hasn't a conscience, nor has he prostituted his art. I might have been a writer of fiction, so labeled; instead, I have woven lies — of later years mixed judiciously with facts, because the public is growing more and more hard to fool — around people for whom I care little or nothing and for which I get no credit. No press agent ever gets a by-line. It is his imagination, his resourcefulness which keeps such people as Katherine McDonald, Marion Davies, Hope Hampton daily before the public; it is the star who reaps all the benefit. But since I have chosen to sell myself in this way, I suppose I can't blame anyone for the fact that I am a tired, disillusioned, oldish young man, who wouldn't believe a word he saw in print if it was signed with his own mother's name.

Among my least pleasant press agent stunts I rank my experiences with a certain child star, now at the "awkward age," thank heaven, and temporarily or permanently out of pictures. This spoiled little brat, pretty enough and a good enough little actress, took a vicious delight in giving the lie to all the most charming stories I wrote about her. I sympathized with the newspaper reporter — an intelligent girl who suddenly got sick of the whole claptrap and wrote the interview with my "baby star" as it really took place. She upstaged the reporter dreadfully, slapped her father, made faces at her governess, and made herself altogether detestable, secure in the belief that the

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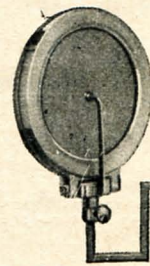
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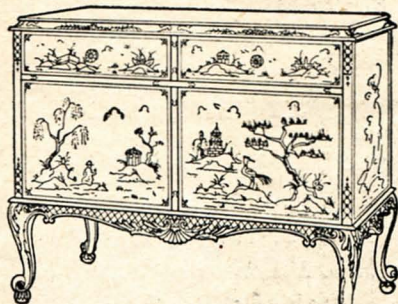
SCREENLAND PUZZLE PICTURE

on page 10 of this issue.



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Revelations of a Press Agent

(Continued from page 95)

reporter would write the usual "reel kiddie, just like any other unspoiled child, but of course more charming, more poised." When the Kansas City Post came out with a humorous, but faithful account of the interview, the baby's father fired me, for he believed I had something to do with it; anyway, I made a convenient scapegoat.

ONE OF my saddest and most hectic jobs was that of personal publicity agent for a famous male screen star, who gradually slipped into the morphine habit. Keeping the secret from the public, working strong on the note that he was still as boyish and charming as he had been in earlier years, and keeping him from showing himself in too drunken a state in public, were among my duties. I was a terrible killjoy, for I was always snatching the needle from his hand or hiding the whiskey bottle, even on the studio lot. He hated me, but he couldn't do without me or someone as clever and low as I was. In his best moments he was charmingly reminiscent and melancholy, swearing to be good, and in his worst, he was a mad beast struggling to get the forbidden drug or the disastrous bottle. Morphine and whiskey got him, of course, and the truth finally got into print. A great pity. A wonderful chap.

Since it was my duty to arrange interviews and to be present whenever the reporter would stand for a third party, coaching the star for his or her tilt with the press was also among the thousand and one little things I learned to do so well. If we had decided that a star was to be intellectual, which has been going awfully well lately, I gave my star a ten-minute resumé of the latest books of the more highbrow variety. In the most "beautiful and dumb" cases, I typed the reviews and the stars memorized them. She was safe unless the interviewer went too eagerly into details. But the star was also coached on how to switch the conversation to other well-oiled tracks. Rodin's latest achievement in sculpture, the jazz crime, an appreciation of the Russian influence in music, Freud's

theory of the mother-complex, were always safe. I crammed my star with my own hastily formed opinions, and turned her loose with prayer and trepidation, to be made the most of by the more or less sympathetic interviewer. It was usually easy enough to hoax the reporter, for reporters like to be hoaxed and to hoax the public, just as well as a publicity man does.

Occasionally, however, an astute reporter has stuck his tongue in his cheek and written a satire on my laboriously built star of the moment. Needless to say, in the resulting pyrotechnics, I always lost my job and walked the weary until the incident was forgotten by other stars.

Those of the public who may be inclined to censure me as stiffly as I censure myself should remember that the life of the star really offers little to write about. A woman in the pictures works hard, has the ordinary reactions to life; likes hot dogs and a party at the beach; enjoys conviviality when the rest of the folks are hitting it up; reads current magazines and an occasional book when it becomes so popular that it sticks out of the book-shelves like a sore thumb; falls in love, gets married and falls out of love and gets a divorce, much as other people do. That sort of stuff naturally doesn't make good publicity. The public would be grieved to hear the real truth, even if its worst fault is that it is boring, about their favorites. It is only kind, in many cases, to manufacture news about them, to clothe them with romance and mystery and intelligence.

Personally, I believe the day of the old-time press agent is over — and well over. I am beginning to seem old-fashioned, even to myself. The new press agent strives for what the profession calls "legitimate copy," which means that a large per cent of it is true or near-true.

But so long as the life of the star depends upon publicity and so long as the public adores and idealizes stars, just so long will the press agent be with us. Personally I think that will be forever and I am learning the new tricks of the trade and expect to go to work for Mary Pickford, if she will give me a job.



"Cruel one," he pleaded.
"Just one little flower, and
let that flower be your
heart."

—Paramount Photoplay

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IF you like Romance, served up hot and spicy, you are missing much if you have not read Elinor Glyn's sensational novel, *Beyond the Rocks*.

You saw the Paramount picture, of course. You must have thrilled over Rodolph Valentino's interpretation of the role of the passionate *Hector*, the English nobleman. And Gloria Swanson, how beautiful she was as *Theodora*, who fought so bravely against her love for *Hector*; fought, because she was true to

her marriage vows to the old, rich husband whom she had married to give her family the luxuries they craved.

be given on the screen for lack of space; the meeting; the liking ripening into love; the confession; the renunciation; and the final crowning of their sacrifice with happiness, "in those smooth waters, beyond the rocks."

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What Every Wife Knows

(Continued from page 85)

and still remain upon her pedestal. She may command men's respect as well as their admiration.

But when she marries, what happens? Her individuality she throws overboard in the new glory of young wifehood. One or the other must get the upper hand, become the controlling personality in the household. There is no such thing as a fifty-fifty marriage.

Usually, the man wins, being the stronger will-power. After that the wife becomes merely his shadow. And men tire of shadows and soon set out to follow rainbows.

Nagging is another curse of matrimony.

Suppose I were married and that my husband liked four lumps of sugar in his coffee, while I preferred but one. Should I then complain and nag him to drink *my* way?

Yet on every side you hear: "Oh, what do you want to do that for? I can't see why you do *that*!"

Some mates object to each other's friends, to each other's clothes, to their smallest, most trivial actions. Such petty quarrels lead to a widening of the rift and gradually they drift apart.

It is always the wife who suffers the more. She depends too much upon her husband. Happiness must come from within one's own heart, from the contact with the world in general. It must not exist entirely upon the whims of any one person.

Men are selfish, you know. They can't help it . . . they're just made that way. And their inherent desire to please themselves is fostered from birth by adoring mothers, so that they are reared with the belief that a wife must be little above a slave.

Nice for the men. Not so nice for the wife.

To sum it all up, incompatibility is the greatest cause of marital unhappiness. Like should gravitate to like and not be blinded by momentary attraction of opposites. *Love, unless it be very great and self-sacrificing, is undependable.* It is a flame; it flares high; *pouf*, it is gone!

But friendship between man and woman . . . ah, there you have something that neither time nor disillusionment can take away. Blessed is the woman who is her husband's friend in the black days as well as his sweetheart in the fair weather.

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423 Grosse Bldg., Dept. A, Los Angeles, Calif.

What Every Husband Knows

(Continued from page 84)

Arnold, star in *The Wizard of Oz*. We were married in 1904.

I THINK it was in 1905, though I'm not exactly sure about the date, that I married Mrs. Edward J. Ellis, a young and charming widow.

My next wife was Edna Valentine. She was a widow and her non-professional name was Heinz. This marriage took place about 1910 or maybe it was 1912, I can't say off-hand.

My last (or should I say latest) spouse was Dagmar Dalgren, whose real name was Carmen Browder. She was only nineteen and charming.

I believe the character qualities of Julia Woodruff promise the most happiness for me; we were very happy when we were married, at times. Julia has recently lost her second husband, George Wheelock, by death. And who knows? Perhaps Wife No. 9 will be. . . .?

Encouraging the Extra

(Continued from page 49)

by establishing in Hollywood an agency of their own, co-operatively. The expense, shared by all the studios, would be nominal and would be more than repaid by the improvement in the morale of their actors. It is clearly to the benefit of the studios that they get the right type of extras, and that they be contented and encouraged in their dramatic training. The extras are the back-bone of the industry; from among them the stars of tomorrow will be recruited. Valentino, Betty Compson, Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd and a host of box-office attractions of today rose from the ranks of the extras.

It is good business to encourage the extra, Mr. Producer.

Clara Kimball Young's next picture is to be "Cordelia the Magnificent," adapted to the screen by Frank Beresford.

Claude Gillingwater, who played the bachelor role in "The Three Wise Fools" on the stage, is to have the same part in the picture.



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Jean Hersholt is to have a part in Eric Von Stroheim's first Goldwyn picture.

"Men of the Desert" will be Harry Carey's next picture for F. B. O. Marguerite Clayton will appear with him.

Jacqueline Logan, who did such splendid work in "Java Head," appears with Charles Ray in his latest production, "A Tailor Made Man."

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A Hollywood Premiere

Sid Grauman, Los Angeles' most tireless theatre builder, opened up his new Metropolitan theatre with much pomp and ceremony and star-shine, the other evening. Everybody who is anybody in Hollywood was there. Premieres in Hollywood are things one simply does not miss . . . even if tickets do cost five dollars for each and every one.

The high cost of premieres reminds one of Fred Niblo's witty explanation of Grauman's financial methods. But let Fred tell it:

"Every once in a while Sid Grauman gets ashamed of only owning half a dozen of the biggest theatres in town. So he goes to a contractor and tells him to build him a grand new showhouse. 'Go as far as you like,' Sid tells the contractor, 'but don't spare expense.'

"Well, by and by the contractor calls Sid up and tells him the theatre is all finished. 'How much?' asks Sid. 'Two million dollars,' says the contractor. 'Awright,' says Sid, 'I'll open her up with a premiere tonight and pay you in the morning.'

Gloria Swanson was the honor guest at this latest premiere, for her new Paramount picture, *My American Wife*, was selected for the feature. And Gloria was radiant! All in white, wrapped in a regal ermine wrap, with diamonds sparkling in her lovely auburn hair and around her white neck, she proved her right to her title of the best dressed woman in pictures.

There were so many beautiful women in the audience that packed the huge house to the very windows that it is hard to select any particular star to describe. But Barbara La Marr stood out from among the beauties. Her gorgeously colorful figure attracted attention on all sides. Barbara was like a snow queen in her favorite white, very décolleté, with her dark hair dressed high on her lovely head.

The picture was good, and in spite of the superabundance of entertainment, the evening was a red-letter occasion. It's worth five dollars just to see so many lovely women and so many gorgeous costumes all at one time!

Ruth Roland, who is still making serial thrillers, was charming. She wore a simple frock of deep blue tulle against which her vivid coloring stood out magnificently. Ruth is always a good sport at a premiere, and she was one of the few stars who accepted Grauman's invitation to be introduced from the stage, to the huge audience.

The Metropolitan is surely an achievement in the building of superstructures. Its style of architecture is most unique and embodies many unusual features in mechanism and lighting detail.

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SEE the Screenland
Puzzle Contest
on page 10.

By Their Prop Smiles Ye Shall Know Them

(Continued from page 30)

desks, should never hang one over Rodolph Valentino's dressing table—unless the psychology of the thing is that when you are told to smile you never do it! For chronic smiling would be the ruination of our Sheik. He has a smile all his own, a smile that would make any respectable married woman get at least as far as the garden gate on a pilgrimage to his shrine. That smile is a subtle, poised thing that is suddenly shot with the very essence of the Valentino personality. You are perfectly content to wait through a whole picture for that one smile. Imagine Rodolph grinning boyishly every few feet, as Charlie Ray does. Maybe he used to, and that is why no one noticed him particularly until Rex Ingram saw him looking sad over a poorly digested hot dog, or something like that, and saw his possibilities. When Rodolph grins out of character, just a nice sort of grin, he loses all that mysterious charm, becomes just a dark-eyed boy who likes spaghetti and runs around with the gang at night. But reticent, secretive, mysterious—smiling only once in every picture and then right into the heroine's eyes—ah!

Tom Mix, Bill Russell, Buck Jones, are examples of the out-in-God's-country smilers. Bill Hart is the somber leader of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Not Smile, for in Hart's unsmiling countenance is the irresistible charm of sternness and misunderstood tender impulses. Buster Keaton, on the other hand, has the unsmiling map of a wooden Indian. If he should forget himself and smile, his vogue would be collapsed; one more idol would be shattered.

So—for the movie audience, the optimist's Pollyanna plea for SMILES, SMILES, SMILES is all right. But for actors and actorines smiles are something else again—a stock in trade, an identification tag.

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Shown on page 10
of this issue.

A Magazine

With a New Idea

For the first time in the history of magazine publishing in America a publication is now available which is able to present *dramatic screen stories in fiction form being filmed*.

This publication is designed to serve the needs of creative writers. It contains 100 pages of inspiration monthly and lists among its contributors some of the world's most noted writers. For four years it has successfully served the writers for the screen under the name of Photodramatist. It now appears under a name to indicate its broadened scope.

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Mary Austin

Skilled screen authors discuss the problems of scenario writing in its columns.

Changing needs of the producers are set forth.

Craftmanship of the studios is explained, as it affects the writer.

A Free Service Bureau answers writers' technical questions.

All phases of creative fiction writing are dwelt upon.

This is a publication for the expert as well as the man just entering the field.

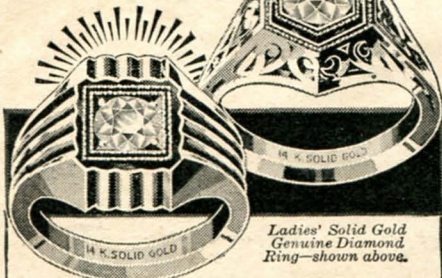
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Making Hollywood Safe for Matrimony

(Continued from page 45)

a ship to scorch her youth and innocence with his hot kisses, he has no interest in overtaking her but merely keeps up the pursuit until the direct calls time. Or that when Rodolph Valentino takes his screen lady-love slowly in his arms, looking deep into her eyes and presses his lips lingeringly on hers, he is thinking about his police dogs and she is counting ten.

But are they? Life is so fleeting; its highways so rough; the rent man so inevitable; the bluelaw crusaders always with us. So fill the cup—

If the matrimonial troubles of the screen folk do center about the difficulty a few performers feel in distinguishing between love on the set and in the home, the marriage contract bill is a sure panacea. The young wife of the handsome screen hero merely contracts to send her husband fasting to the fadeout clinch; hunger has been known to chasten a man when a sense of duty failed. Movie husbands could put in a clause specifying that their wives shall never submit to another man's embrace unless restrained by a tight slipper. A shoe that pinches can keep a woman pure under almost any circumstances. But when the arms are Valentino's, she had better be required, as a special precaution, to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

YOU CAN SEE that the possibilities of a marriage contract are infinite. Besides lessening the dangers that encounter the fragile matrimonial bark, the marriage contract would lessen also the arduous labors of the clergy who are striving so nobly and so audibly to "clean up" Hollywood.

Of course, just how the ministers of the gospel acquire their fund of information about indiscretions said to be practiced in our fair village, Hollywood, is one of those mysteries that will not be revealed until the last great day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known.

On which occasion, it is probable that the revelations regarding the movie stars in Hollywood will be equalled in interest only by the revelations regarding the ministers.

Charlie and Pola's New Home

Charlie Chaplin is building a palatial new home in Beverly Hills, Calif., in anticipation of his approaching marriage to Pola Negri. It is to be one of the most beautiful homes on the coast and is said to conform to every whim and desire of the beautiful Pola.

Harold Lloyd to Marry

Harold Lloyd, Comedian De Luxe, will be married some time in the near future to no less a personage than his beautiful little leading lady, Mildred Davis. Although this has been rumored for some time it now is a sure thing having been officially announced at the Hal Roach Studios. The wedding, it is said, will be a very quiet affair.

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**Wash Away Skin
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Are you a sufferer from skin troubles, pimples or skin disease in any form? Do you long for that calm, cool sensation that comes when the irritation is taken away? Then try D. D. D. that soothing wash which gives instant relief the moment it is applied. Twenty-five years of success—thousands of letters from grateful skin sufferers recommend this cooling lotion to you.

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Delica-Brow Liquid Dressing for the eye lashes and brows makes deep, expressive eyes instantly, with long, dark, sweeping lashes that will make everyone say "What wonderful eyes."

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"YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED with a WRINKLED FACE"



The original

M. ELLA HARRIS

can do this for you

The famous beauty specialist now located in Hollywood will remove twenty years from your life.
(Read this letter) 1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, California. February, 1922.

Dear Madame:

I am answering your letter to Mrs. Harris and am pleased to tell you about her most wonderful treatment.

I had her treatment seventeen years ago in San Francisco. I was on the speaking stage at that time and I assure you this treatment restored my youthful appearance and for twelve years I played young society parts that I could not have played had I not been treated by Mrs. Harris.

I have seen at least two hundred people that Mrs. Harris has treated, in fact, ten years ago, I got up a club of fifty women (actresses in New York) and Mrs. Harris came there especially to treat them.

Her wonderful work made such an impression that she was completely snowed under and couldn't get away for two years; finally she was called by wire to the death bed of a member of her family and now, one by one, these ladies followed her and now are being treated in California.

In all my travels abroad and in America, for twenty-five years I have seen nothing to compare with her work. In Paris, London, New York, Chicago and San Francisco I have seen nothing that can be mentioned in the same breath and cannot give her too much praise.

I sincerely believe she is the most wonderful facial artist in the world today: the only one who can take an old, withered, wrinkled eye and restore it to a child's contour, leaving no trace of a line or wrinkle, saying nothing of the saggy cheeks and scrawny necks.

She uses no filling, nor does she do any cutting: it's simply a treatment combined with nature. I really think that Mrs. Harris should be as widely known from this art as Edison or Burbank and were she a man, she would be.

To prove my honest belief and knowledge of this art I am giving up both the stage and motion picture work to give my time in full to this treatment: to help Mrs. Harris demonstrate to the public that this is the only facial art, restoring youth which remains always, stands all kinds of wear and tear, illness, grief or anything.

Very respectfully yours,

IRENE HOBSON.

P. S.—I neglected to mention that I have just had another facial treatment, and it looks like A MILLION DOLLARS.

February 17, 1922.

About 18 years ago (at my Institute on GEARY Street, in San Francisco—before the earthquake and fire) I first treated Miss Irene Hobson, as stated in her letter above. She told me at that time that she was 42 years old. Her face today has the youthful contour and smoothness of a girl's—a convincing demonstration of the permanence of my work. Eighteen years without a wrinkle! And only two 10-day courses, and one 20-day course during the whole time! Just three short courses in 8 years to keep the face perfect! YOU can afford that many days to conquer Father Time!

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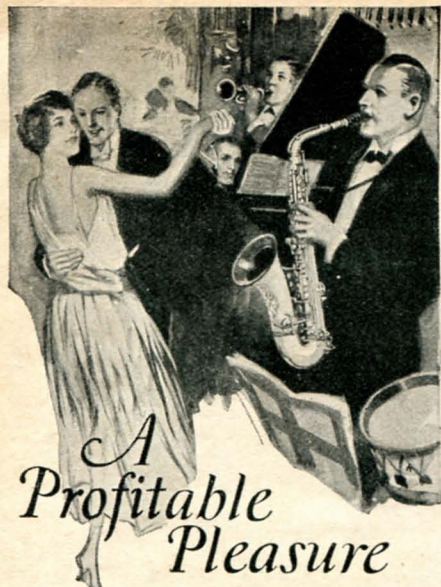
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Paul Biese of Chicago, (top) and Max Fisher of Los Angeles, (bottom) are among the popular orchestra directors who endorse Conn instruments.



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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

How to Win a Man's Love

(Continued from page 39)

But it has remained for Barbara La Marr, one of the most potent of the new screen vampires, to give a new slant on the art of fascinating.

She uses her ears to charm men!

The really successful charmer is the one who *listens*, completely absorbed in what her male adorer has to say, says Barbara. She makes no attempt to hypnotize with studied wiles. She appears so transparent that the man feels perfectly safe. He revels in his natural vanity, believing himself the one and only male who understands her. Her best line is "How strong you are" and "I think you *big* men are wonderful!"

Woman must be content to charm one man only, says Barbara. At a time. Every man wants to marry a charming woman, but he wants her charm for himself alone. Other men may look at his fascinating wife, may even envy him his possession, but they must not touch!

Clothes are an invaluable aid in being fascinating, the beautiful Barbara maintains, but they must always be in harmony with the wearer's personality. A slinky black dress with dangling jet earrings does not make a vampire, but it often makes her ridiculous!

WHEN a woman dons clothes that were never intended for her type, she reminds one of the vain young crow who lived in a wood inhabited by many other birds of gay plumage", relates Miss La Marr. "He believed his somber black coat prevented him from charming the lady birds he admired. So, at moulting time when the other birds were dropping old feathers for new, the silly young crow went through the wood, picking up the gayest feathers and sticking them on his own coat. Soon he rivalled the peacock in splendor! He became obnoxious in his boastfulness, until the other birds grew tired of humoring the young coxcomb in his self-deception, and one by one they walked up and picked off the feathers

From Sunny California

Nature's own food. A delicious can of unfired foods containing nuts, sun-kissed raisins, California honey, and olives.

Sent Postpaid for \$1.00.

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belonging to them. Stripped of his artificial aids, he realized they had not supplied the charm that he had hoped."

When Barbara La Marr wishes to feel dignified, she wears white. Black drapes here go in subtlety, she says, while red makes her vivacious, full of fun. When she combines these colors, which she claims are her psychic colors, she is at her scintillating best.

THROUGHOUT the ages, perfume has been supposed to inspire love. The ancient's scented their couches with rare perfumed oils, with musk and amber. Barbara has not the perfect confidence in its potency that many of our famous charmers have.

Perfume offends the fastidious man as often as it excites him. If used at all, it should be faint, elusive, tantalizing. A drop behind the ears, on the finger tips, on the lips—never on the hair. Perfume tends to make hair gray.

As for cigarettes.

You can always tell the vampire on the screen by her cigarette. You remember the exquisite grace with which Nita Naldi as the ever-to-be-remembered Dona Sol handled her cigarettes in *Blood and Sand*? How beautiful her hands were! No wonder *Gallardo* was fascinated!

CIGARETTES have their proper place in the lives of many charming women, Nita Naldi holds. But only for a certain type of woman. The ingenue, the unsophisticated girl should never smoke with a man. It offends his sense of propriety.

But the stately woman of the world, the grande dame, may with safety light a cigarette after dinner or tea, when the male companion is at peace with the world. And when he stoops over you to light your cigarette and your eyes meet, the faint scent of jasmine drifts up into his nostrils—ah, there are possibilities there, *mes amis*!

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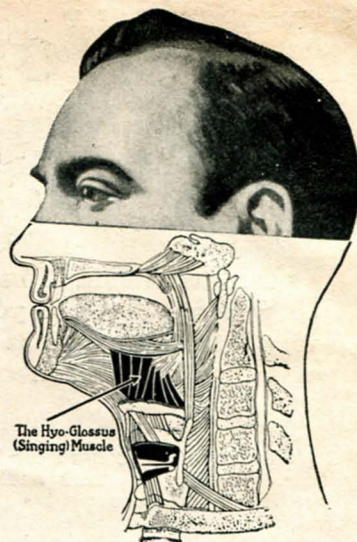
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WHAT are the physiological reasons for a beautiful, powerful voice? In the past, this subject has been a mystery even to voice instructors. Now a great scientist has cleared up this subject. Few understand the principles involved in the Feuchtinger method — but everyone marvels at the striking results attained. A close study of the vocal mechanism of the late Enrico Caruso, preserved by scientists of his native Italy, has fully corroborated the theory and practice of the famous Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

For three generations, the family of Feuchtinger has been famous in the music capitals of Europe. Grand Opera stars have been trained by their method. Voices apparently lost, have been recovered. Until a few years ago, America knew nothing of this method.

American singers who desired not merely vocal training, but *voice development*, sought their goal in Europe.

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Arthur Murray has perfected a method by which you can learn in the privacy of your own home, to dance any of the latest dances in a few minutes—and all of them in a short time. Instructions are so simple that even a child can quickly learn. In one evening you can master the steps of any single dance. Partner or music are not necessary. After learning you can dance with the best dancer in your town and not make a single misstep.

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Private instruction in Mr. Murray's studio would cost you \$10 per lesson. But through his new method of teaching dancing at home, you get the same high class instruction at a ridiculously low price. And if you aren't delighted, the instruction doesn't cost you one cent.

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ALBERT J. DELANEY,
Bay City, Mich.

Before I got your lessons I couldn't dance a step, but now I go to dances and have a good time, like the rest of them. I'll always be thankful that I have taken your course.

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Many other enthusiastic letters have been received. If interested send for special leaflet reprinting them.



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Mail This Coupon for the Pack O'Beauty

The Boncilla Pack O'Beauty is a truly remarkable value. It contains four complete *clasmic* packs, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder. This coupon and 50c will bring it to you. Mail the coupon now. It affords you a quick, easy and inexpensive way to make this worth-while test.

Boncilla

BONCILLA LABORATORIES,
Boncilla Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose 50c. Please send Pack O'Beauty to

Name

Address

City..... State.....